



QUEERIE

QUEERS <sup>With</sup>

HANDS, WINGS  
AND CLAWS

With Illustrations by

PALMER COX

















# QUEERIE QUEERS

WITH

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BUFFALO

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THE FROG AFLOAT.





## Introduction.



MORE than with anything else in the world, children are delighted with pictures and picture books. Pictures are childhood's happiest teachers. Illustrations are the windows through which the souls of children look at truth, at beauty and at life, and the apter the illustration the more lasting the lesson which is sure to follow. When a book or story is embellished it becomes a friend, and a book without pictures is like a flower without sunlight.

The imagination is quickened by the use of proper pictures, and the wee little ones see actually what is on the page in store for them—there is the droll story of the Fox, the Turkey and the Fence, the Dancing Crocodile, and farther on we find the Little Pig that got the better of the Wolf; while Dame Fidget introduces us to old friends in new faces—Jack and Jill, Tom Thumb and others; and as we turn the



pages, the comical tale of the Humane Man and the Bull Calf, attracts and merits our attention. Children understand these things better than we can write them, and remember by means of pictures what they would otherwise forget. Paint a scene and it tells its own story, or else the picture becomes a sweet question, which nothing but the reading of the narrative can ever fully answer; and the book has a new interest when we have learned the experimental secrets of Magic at Home, or laughed over the Adventure of a Brummagem Bear and a Kangaroo.

We have tried to make "Queerie Queers" a book which a child will treasure up and often read; a help to the mother and a blessing to every household; a charming teacher of merry, graceful and delightful things, and a power to brighten every home it enters; and we hope not only to please the eye with pictures, but to do that which is far better: to put within the reach of the little ones an influence for good—all powerful because beautiful, and beautiful because of the life-giving truth within it. "Queerie Queers" is a book filled with the choicest things, and parents may feel safe in giving it to their children. It is not a mere picture book, for the reading will be found even better and more delightful than the pictures.

To all girls and boys we offer our winsome work for little children, in the hope that they will derive from it as much real pleasure as we have had in preparing it for their enjoyment.







### THE FOX, THE TURKEY, AND THE FENCE.

TO BE a gobbler's far from well,  
If a fox turn gobbler too,  
And while you roost without a fear,  
Should come and gobble you.

But to a turkey proud this fate  
Once on a time occurred:  
Madam Fox in her basket snug  
Managed to jam the bird.



Not that he was so very large—  
The basket was too small—  
And so his feet (not number ones)  
Couldn't go in at all!



Madam Fox was a widow lone,  
And she had brought her son,  
That he might learn by watching her  
Just how the thing was done.

Very painful, indeed, it is  
The secret to reveal,

But Madam Fox was trying hard  
To teach her son to steal;

And, sadder still, her teaching stuck  
To him like bricks to mortar,  
And he to stealing turkeys took,  
As young ducks take to water.

This night, as home they walked in glee,  
She many tales did tell  
Of catching poultry on the sly,  
Of perils that befell;



Of angry men with loaded guns,  
Of many a barking cur,  
That, when she had for chickens gone,  
Had sometimes gone for her!

“They’ve come so very close—though I  
Tried no offense to give—  
In self respect,” she said, “I had  
To *take a fence*—to live.



"Hunting turkeys and other things  
Is fun, indeed, to do;  
The fun is not so great, you see,  
When things come hunting you."

"My mother, dear," her son replied,  
"You're older than you were;  
Could you now leap a four-rail fence,  
If chased by an angry cur?"

"Ah!" said she, "I'm supple yet,  
And, Reynard, do talk sense!  
Your Ma could not be brought to grief  
By any four-rail fence."

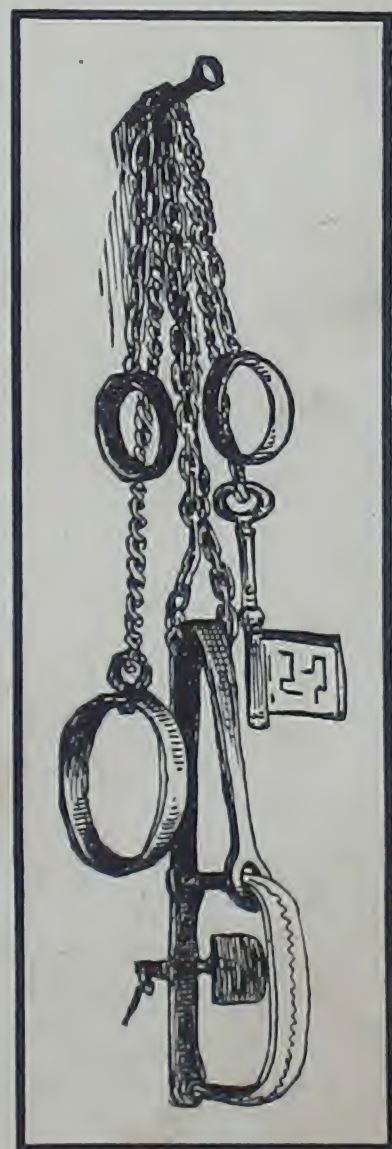
You'll know if Mrs. Fox was right,  
By reading all these rhymes.  
To stupid bird, and slyest fox,  
Surprises come sometimes.

"My son," the dame went on to say,  
"A fence may cause mishaps,  
But, oh, keep eyes and ears alert  
For dogs and guns and traps.

"Remember this, when foraging,"  
With emphasis she said,  
"To use not only your four legs,  
But quite as much your head.



"Your father's legs were long and fleet,  
And few could run so fast;  
But in his head, and not his feet,  
He trusted to the last.





"The farmers tried by every lure  
To stop your father's breath;  
And yet, in spite of all they did,  
He died a natural death.

"To catch your dad a farmer laid  
A dead duck on the ground,  
In hopes he'd take a bite of it  
In case he should come round.

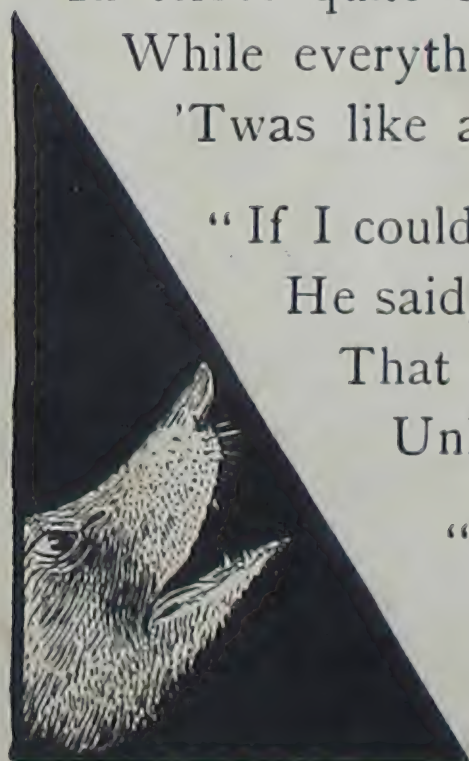
"Of course the duck was poison filled—  
Your father stopped to laugh—  
'They think,' he said, 'I'm not a fox,  
They take me for a calf.'

"My, oh, my," sighed Mrs. Fox,  
"I would he were with me!  
How his old eyes would sparkle bright,  
This turkey here to see!"

Now all this time the turkey lay  
In terror quite extreme,  
While everything was sadly real—  
'Twas like a horrid dream.

"If I could have my choice again,"  
He said, "I'd roost so high  
That foxes couldn't reach me there,  
Unless they learned to fly.

"Indeed, if I might have the chance  
(It would surprise the people),  
I'd take as my pet roosting-place  
The top of a church steeple.





“But now I fear, I greatly fear,  
Sure as I'm a sinner,  
Madam Fox and hungry son will  
Eat me for their dinner.”

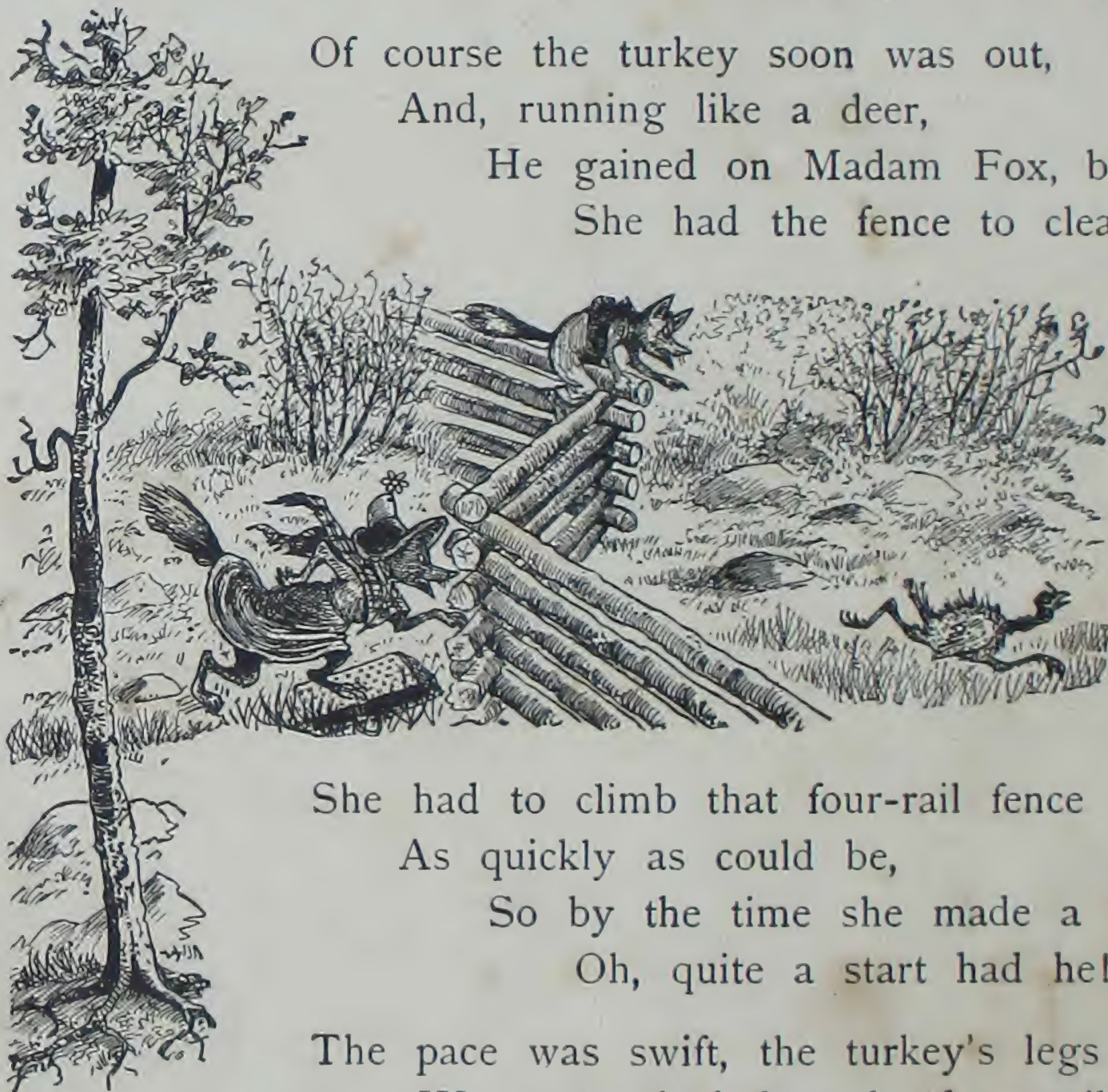


Just then a four-rail fence was reached,  
And Mrs. Fox, to show  
That she, though anything but young,  
Was anything but slow,



Climbed quickly up, her balance *lost*,  
And ere it could be *found*,  
She, basket, and the turkey too,  
Came tumbling to the ground.

Of course the turkey soon was out,  
And, running like a deer,  
He gained on Madam Fox, because  
She had the fence to clear.



She had to climb that four-rail fence  
As quickly as could be,  
So by the time she made a start,  
Oh, quite a start had he!

The pace was swift, the turkey's legs  
Were stretched from head to tail,  
And Mrs. Fox kept up pursuit  
O'er field and hill and dale.

Nearer home the turkey came,  
While the anxious moments flew;  
But hungry, angry Mrs. Fox  
Was nearer, nearer, too.



It seemed, at last, as if for sure  
This run for home would fail;  
For Mother Fox had got so close  
Her jaws had seized his tail.



But in those jaws the tail was left,  
Just like a lock of hair;  
A mighty jerk—the bird was off—  
The fox was standing there.  
The time thus gained was just enough  
To save the turkey's skin;  
Another moment and the bird  
The farmer's yard was in.



At last upon the chicken house  
He perched and looked with glee  
Upon old Madam Fox below,  
As mad as mad could be.

And now you know (I said you would)  
Whether in her belief  
Mrs. Fox was right when she declared  
No fence could bring her grief.

You've learned at last she reached a fence  
And tried too much to do,  
That when she lost her balance there  
She lost her turkey too.

What is the moral of this t-ail,  
I'm sure I cannot tell;  
For where the gobbler's tail was lost,  
The moral was lost as well.





## THE BEARS AND THE HONEY.

"Children," said the maternal bear,  
"Our family are fond of honey,  
But I wouldn't have you handle a hive,  
Not for any amount of money.



In the depths of the woods, with no one near,  
We love to eat the luscious comb,  
But then, you know, all bees object  
When bears set out to rob their home.



And when you think they're far away,  
And you can rest and take your ease,  
Upon your track they're following fast,  
The unrelenting, stinging bees.



And when you stop to lick your paw,  
Or say that honey's just the thing,  
They'll swarm around you like a cloud,  
And then will come the awful sting;  
I want you both to try right hard,  
And never once be caught off guard."



The cubs replied: "O mother, cease,  
Your kind advice is all in vain,  
This morning, had you said all this,  
You might have saved a world of pain.

We got the hive, no doubt of that,  
And started home so full of glee,  
When all the air grew dark as night,  
Beclouded by our enemy.

On nose and eyes and mouth and ears,  
Each special foe did find a place;  
Need we say more?—just look at us,  
And you will understand the case.

You might stand there from morn till eve,  
And tell us what we shouldn't do;  
A looking-glass, a running stream,  
Could tell us that as well as you."





## A DISAPPOINTED TENANT.

Seeking a home, a homeless bear  
Went wand'ring here, went wand'ring there,

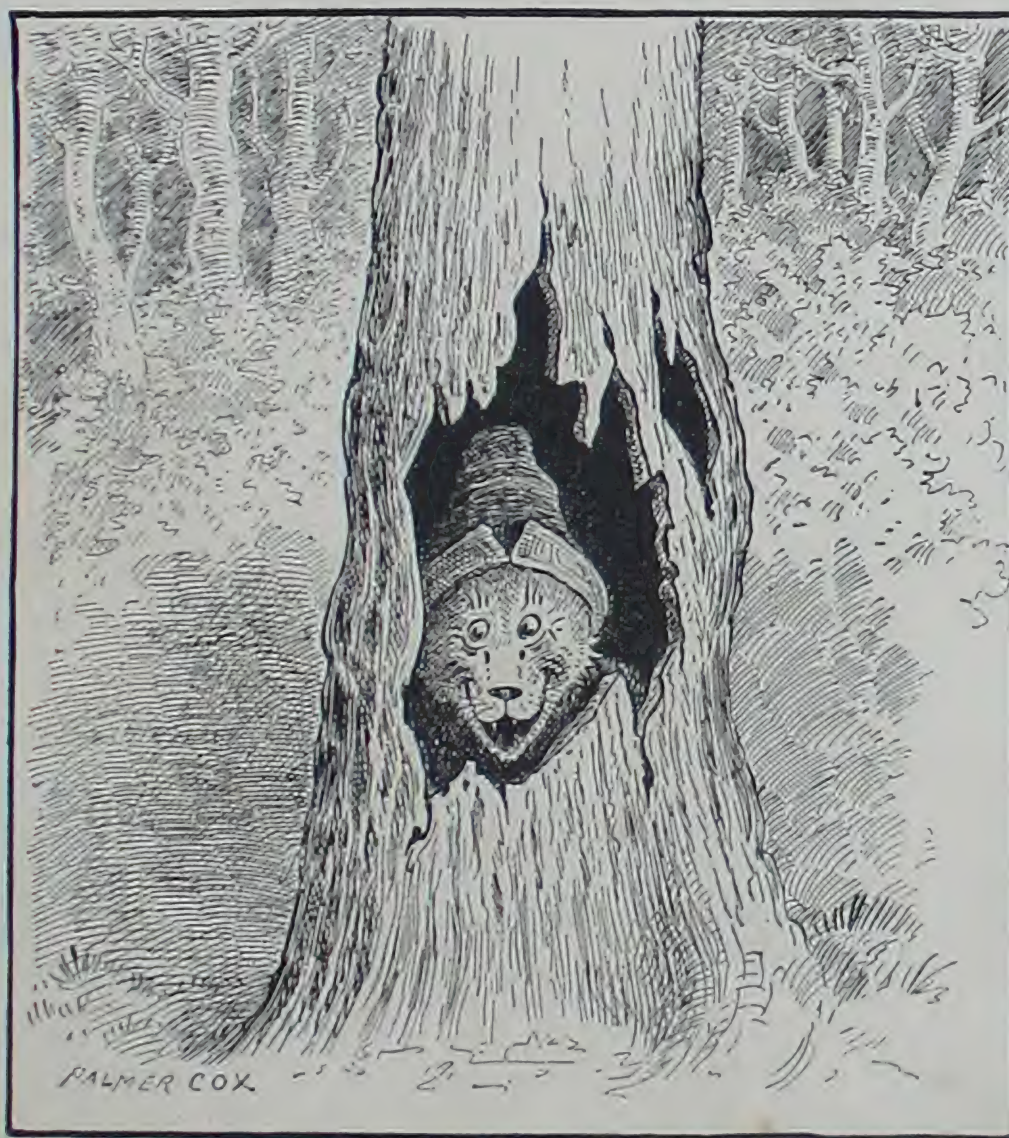


To find a house to let he meant,  
And on a tree he found a rent.



A hole so big, "'Tis quite the cheese,  
This lonely bachelor to please,"  
Did Bruin to himself remark.

"My home shall be behind that bark,  
And there, as shielded by a charm,



Be free from fear and safe from harm.  
And should a victim pass my way,  
On whom I might dine well some day,  
He'll not suspect my presence near,  
Until I have him by the ear."



So in a trice he's in the tree,  
And from the hole sharp watches he.  
But sweetest joys may soon be past,  
And fairest skies be overcast.  
And so it proved was Bruin's fate,  
Upon a hive of bees he sate.

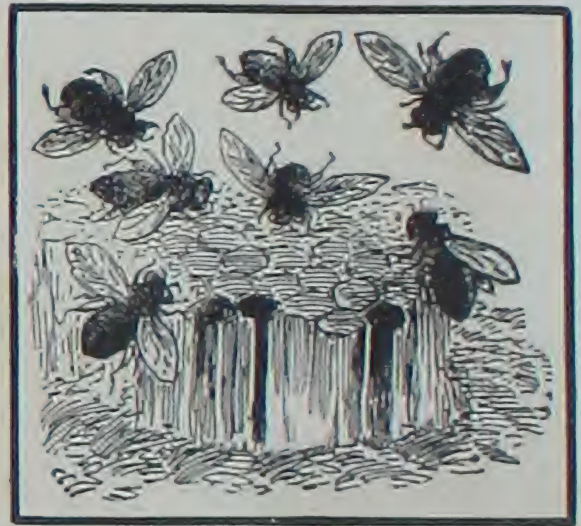
It almost seemed like justice

grim,

Like retribution come  
to him.

Of all the bears were  
ever seen,

The greatest honey thief he'd  
been.



By him stirred up—of course,  
'tis plain—

These bees soon stirred him  
up again.

And so, because of this  
disaster,

Through the hole he went  
much faster;

Faster than he'd  
clambered in,

Poor, disappointed, angry  
Bruin.





He ran as hard as he could go,  
And yet his pace was far too slow;



A thousand stings they gave in ire,  
And Bruin felt as if on fire.





**T**he pretty black eyes of the little field  
mouse.  
Looked far over the meadow one day,  
And he said to his sister, "Don't stay  
in the house,  
Let us travel." His sister said "Yea."

So they passed by white daisies and cardi-  
nals red,  
Till they came to the region of bogs.

"O see that high grass with brown tops!"  
sister said.

"Those are cat tails," said one of the frogs.

"Ho-ho!" and "Ha-ha!" laughed the two lit-  
tle mice,

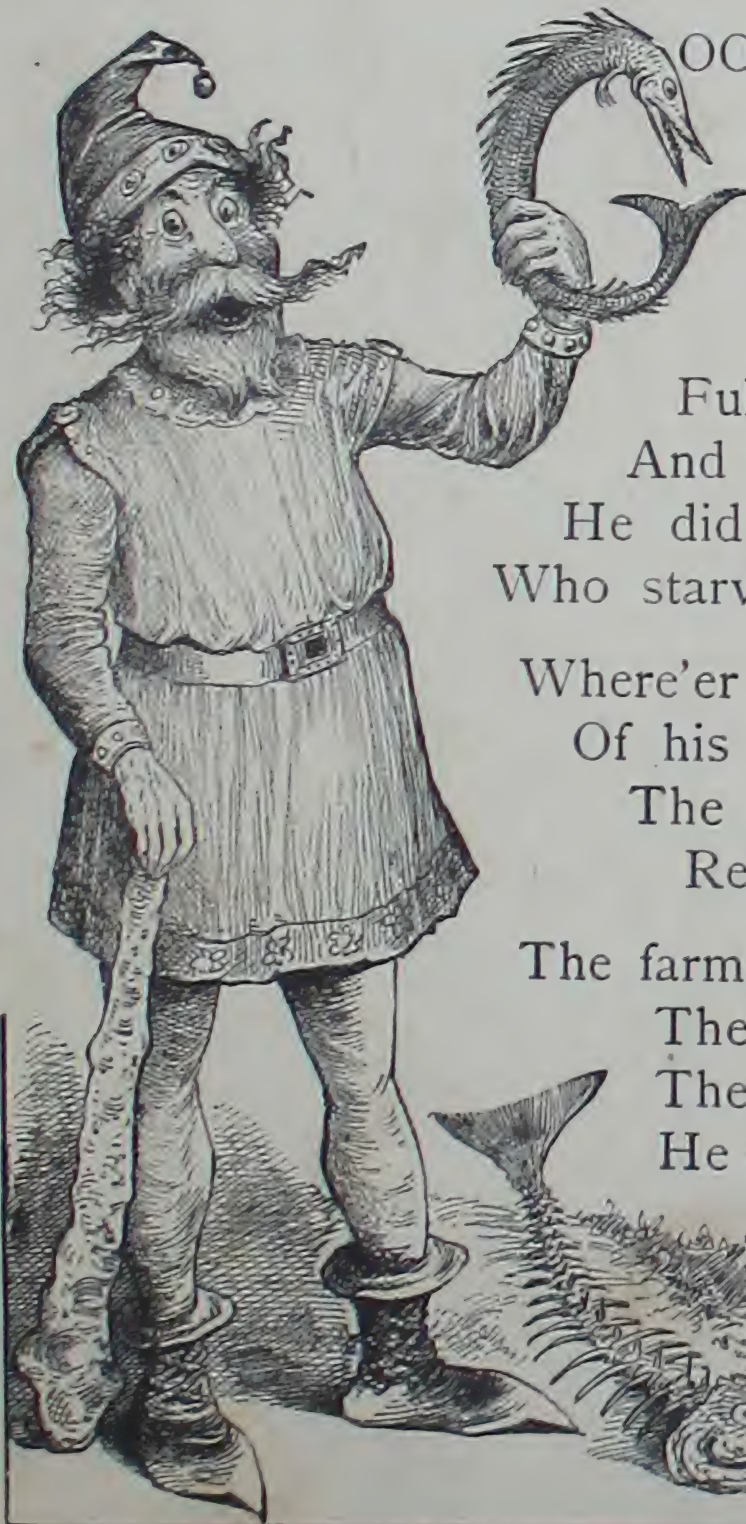
"Cats delight in our innocent blood.

If those really are cat tails — how aw-  
fully nice

All those cats must be stuck in the mud!"



## CAUGHT BY A WHALE.

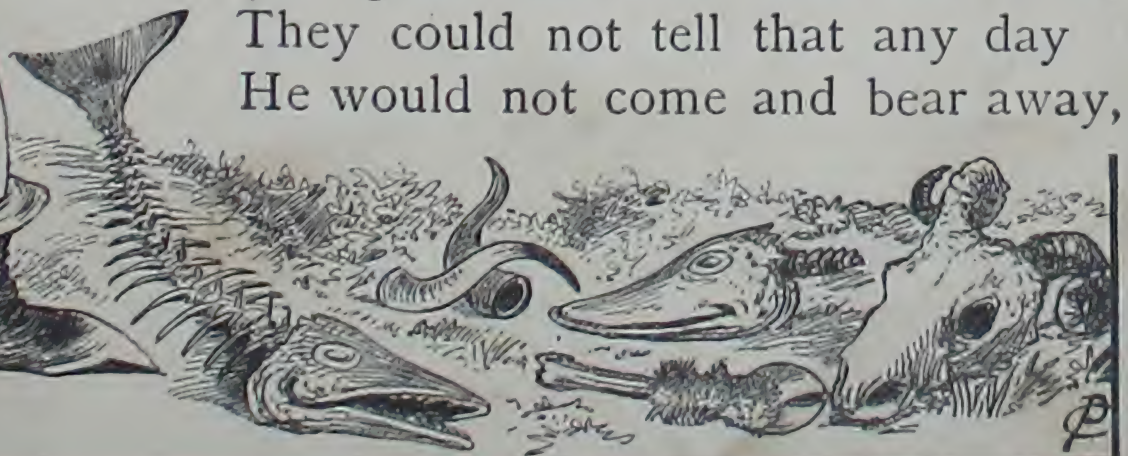


GOOD people in a country fair  
Were harassed by a giant there;  
He measured yards from side  
to side,  
And he was bad as he was wide.

Full twenty feet his height in all,  
And he was mean as he was tall;  
He did not care a pinch of snuff,  
Who starved to death, had he enough.

Where'er he went, the marks would be  
Of his outrageous gluttony;  
The skeletons of fish and beasts,  
Remains of his stupendous feasts.

The farmers' corn was stacked with care,  
The giant came, the field was bare;  
They could not tell that any day  
He would not come and bear away,





From out the herd, the ox most fine,  
On that and other things to dine;



For this gigantic, heartless thief,  
Had special liking for good beef.



The fishermen would spread their net,  
Then he rush in—not minding wet—



And striding off, with mighty limb,  
Would take their precious catch with him.

'Twould take all night, were none omitted,  
To tell the crimes that he committed.



A shame it was, upon my soul,  
He never worked, he only stole.

The only thing that was not vile  
He ever did, was fish awhile.  
He had his tackle quite complete,  
And on a rock would take a seat.

And, though elsewhere impatient quite,  
Quite patiently would wait a bite.

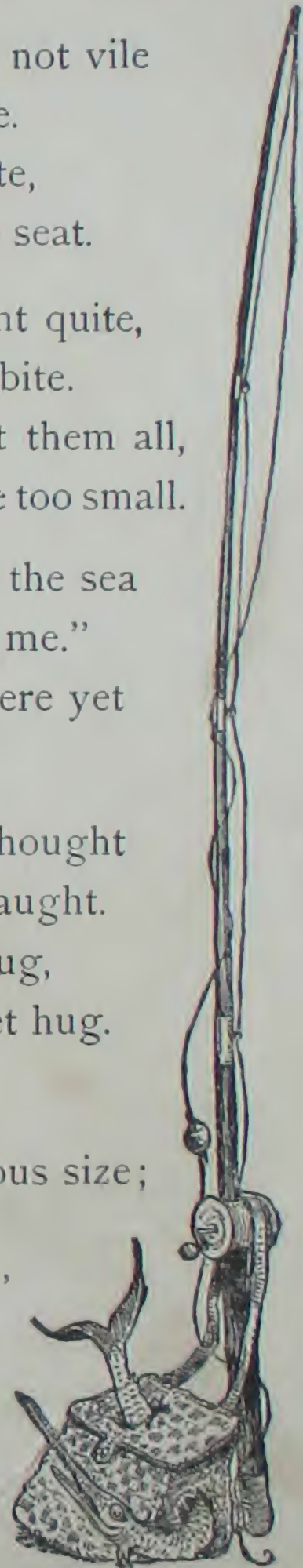
The fish that bit, he caught them all,  
None were too large, and none too small.

“In fact,” cried he, “within the sea  
There is no fish can conquer me.”  
That sounded well, but there were yet  
Fish in the sea he had not met.

While catching fish, he never thought  
That by a fish he might be caught.  
One day he felt a terrible tug,  
And gave himself a quiet hug.

“Unless my sense of feeling lies,  
This fish is one of monstrous size;  
To get him safe on land will be  
The greatest sport has come to me.”

Upon his line there was a whale,  
This time his judgment did not fail  
Judgment regarding size, I mean,  
But not regarding sport, I ween.





That bite, in spite of stalwart limb,  
Proved anything but sport for him.



Another tug—"Ha, ha!" laughed he;  
"He wants to pull me in the sea."

That was a joke with pleasant sound;  
But catching whales no joke he found.



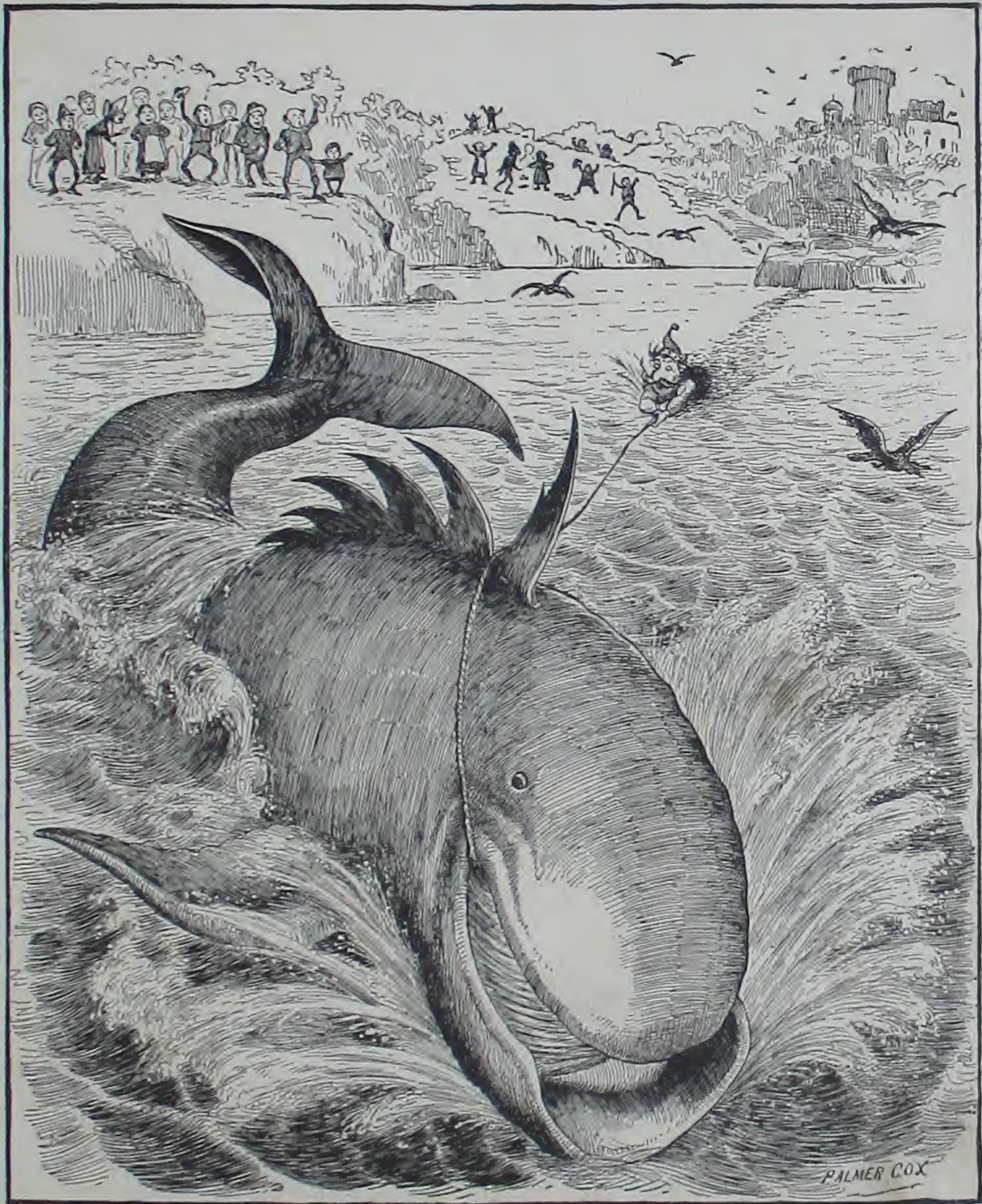
To make things sure, around his waist  
He wound the line, in greatest haste.



The whale was off to distant seas,  
And took the giant, too, with ease.



And gladly people watched them go,  
And saw the last of their cruel foe.



The giant roared. The whale the while  
Enjoyed the fun and wore a smile.



# The DANCING Crocodile

A merry musician wandered once  
On the banks of the river Nile ;

Imagine his fright, there hove in sight

A monstrous Crocodile.

His teeth were long, his jaws were strong,

His mouth was horribly wide ;

And he grinned a grin, "Dear Sir, come in,  
There's plenty of room inside !"



The merry musician shook with fear,  
He shivered from hat to shoe,

"You are ever so kind, but if you don't mind  
I'd rather not lodge with you."

"Try it at least,"  
said the scaly beast,

With a broad malicious smile ;  
"You'll see in a trice  
how quiet and nice,  
It is to live in the Nile."



APARTMENTS  
FURNISHED

H. R. MILLAR



The merry musician groaned again,

His fiddle was in his hand

A tune he tried, "The last," he sighed,

"I ever shall play on land."



'Twas a polka gay, and, oh, strange to say,

When the Crocodile heard the sound,

He laughed and rose on the tip of his toes,

And began to caper round.



The merry musician played and played,

And faster his fingers flew;

While close to the Nile the Crocodile

Danced faster and faster too.

At length he stopped, and down he dropped,

Too giddy to hear or see;

And when he came round, his prey he found

Had run away home to tea!



H. R. MILLAR



## FORMIDABLE FRIENDS.



LION once was sick and weak,  
His enemies all said,  
“This is the very chance we seek,  
We’ll smash the lion’s head.”

They chose a moment when he dozed,  
For once he took to flight;  
He really was too indisposed,



To be disposed to fight.  
They followed him, thirsting for gore,  
A river crossed his track,



An old rhinoceros near shore  
Said, "Jump upon my back."  
The lion quickly did so, then  
His foes were left behind;  
He grateful said, when safe again,  
"I'll bear this deed in mind."



But to that angry company  
It was exasperation;  
They held a meeting near a tree,  
To vent their indignation.  
And resolutions then were framed,





As caustic as could be,  
There the rhinoceros was named  
A Public Enemy.

His character to shreds was torn,  
Someone gave a thesis,  
And proved, if caught at night  
or morn,

He must be torn to pieces.  
'Twas long before they had their  
wish,

And he on land did come;

He lingered with his friends, the fish,  
The river seemed his home.

And when at last he came on shore,  
Not knowing of their spite,

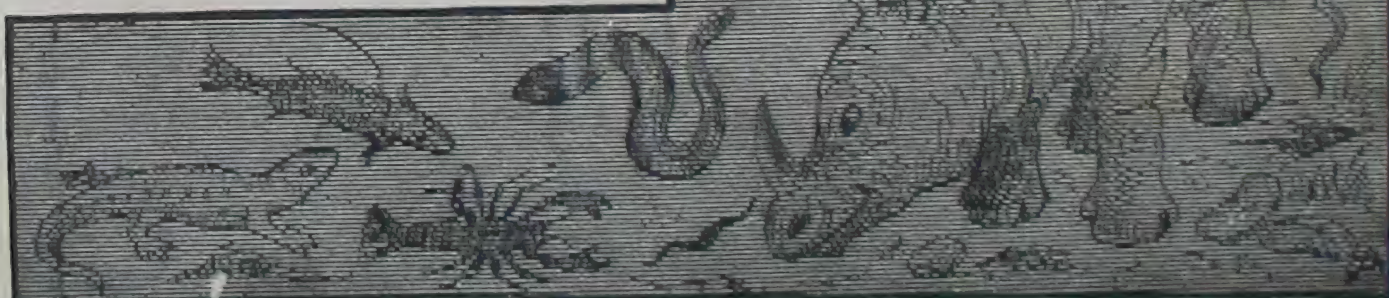
And they with screech and bark and roar  
Gave the unequal fight.

The lion chanced to pass that way,  
With half a roar, half laugh,  
He, too, a part took in the  
fray,

And scattered them like chaff.

In every place, they now  
command,

No matter where they  
loiter,





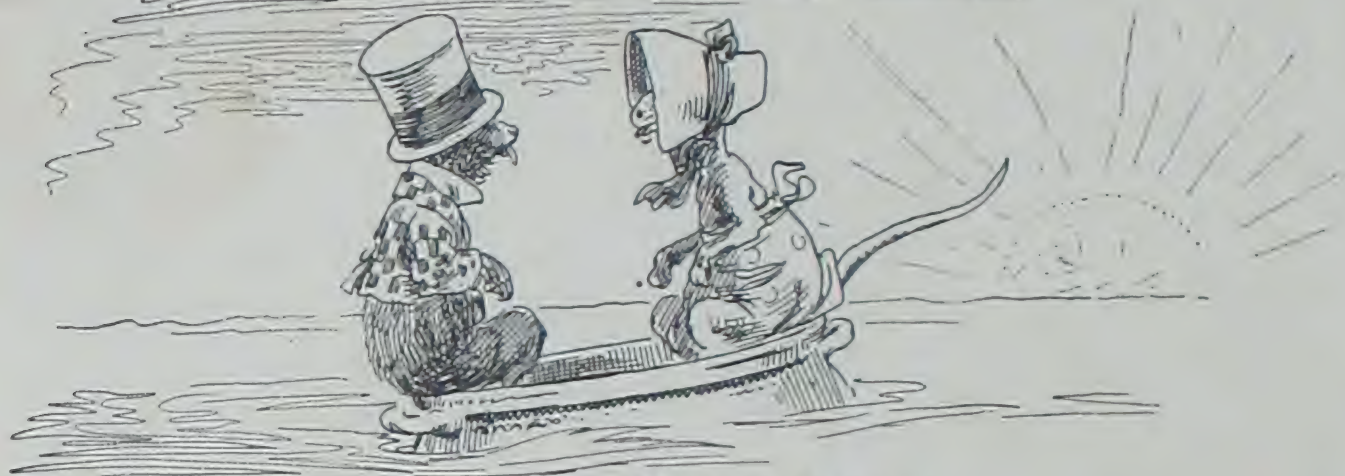
The lion is the boss on land,  
The other in the water.



And thus these animals of sense  
Combine to rule both elements.



# THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A BRUMMAGEM BEAR AND A KANGAROO



A BRUMMAGEM BEAR AND A KANGAROO

FOR WANT OF SOMETHING  
BETTER TO DO  
PUT OUT TO SEA IN A SOUP TUREEN  
TO VIEW WHAT HADN'T BEFORE BEEN SEEN.  
THEY CAME TO THE LAND OF THE DI-DUM-DEES -



WHERE PEPPERMINTS GROW UPON  
GOOSEBERRY TREES  
THEY DANCED ON THE SANDS WITH A CARPING CRAB  
AND TICKLED THE CLAWS OF A LOBSTER SARD -  
AND THE INDIAN EELS, AND THE MARABOO MICE



DECLARED THERE  
WAS NOTHING  
HALF SO NICE,  
AS TO DANCE  
TO THE FLUTE OF  
THE POBBERY HARE.

WITH A KANGAROO AND A BRUMMAGEM BEAR



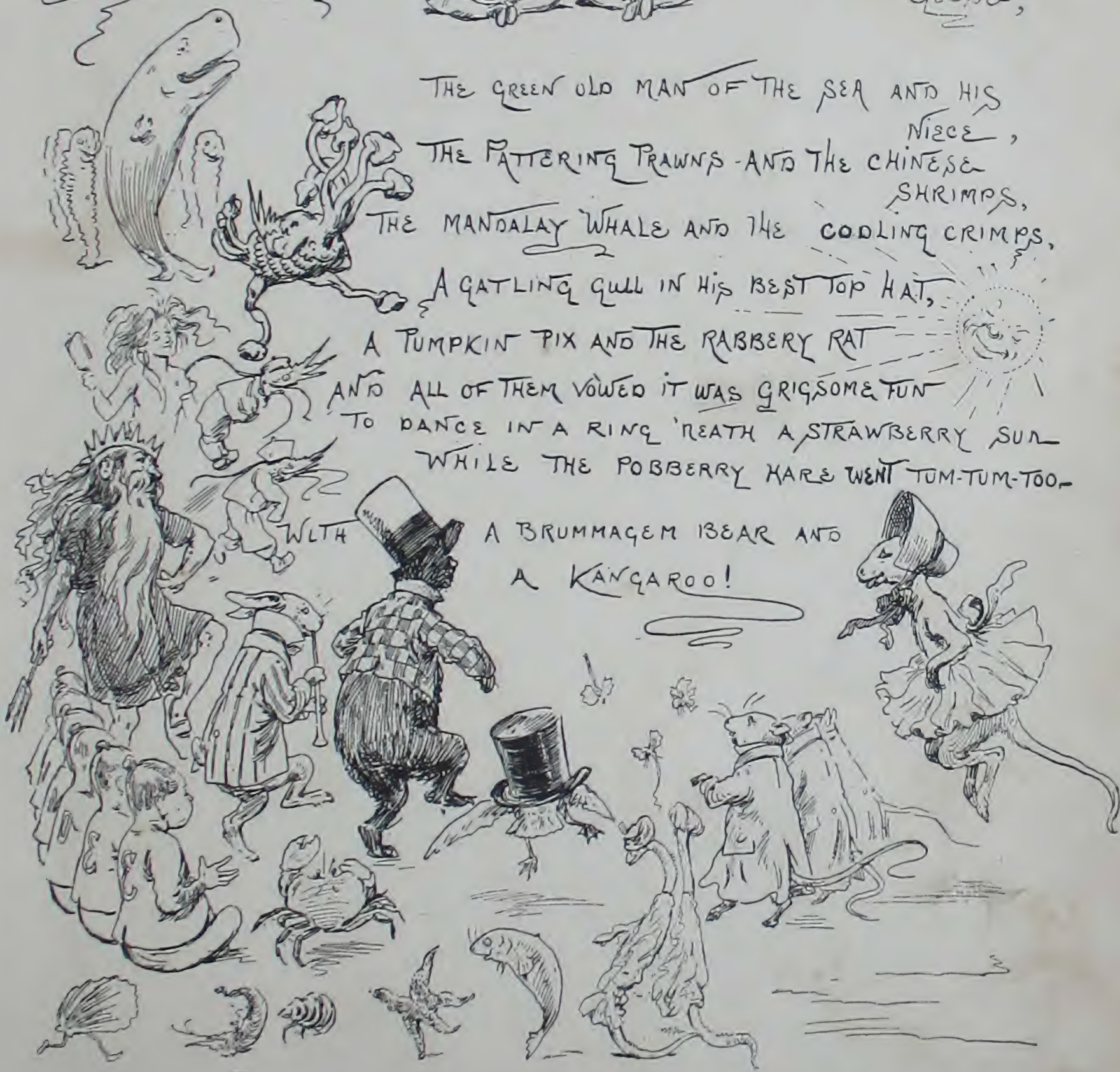


AND THE DI-DUM-DEES — SAID NEVER BEFORE  
HAD THEY SEEN SUCH A PERFECTLY MINKSOME SHORE  
FOR THERE CAME TO THE DANCE THE BARNACLE  
GEESE,

THE GREEN OLD MAN OF THE SEA AND HIS  
NIECE,  
THE PATTERING TRAWNS AND THE CHINESE  
SHRIMPS,  
THE MANDALAY WHALE AND THE COOLING CRIMPS,

A GATLING GULL IN HIS BEST TOP HAT,  
A PUMPKIN PIX AND THE RABBERY RAT —  
AND ALL OF THEM VOWED IT WAS GRIGSOME FUN  
TO DANCE IN A RING 'NEATH A STRAWBERRY SUN  
WHILE THE POBBERRY HARE WENT TUM-TUM-TOO.

WITH A BRUMMAGEM BEAR AND  
A KANGAROO!





## *The Humane Man and the Bull Calf.*



1

"Make veal of that pretty creature! 'Tis a shame!" says the Humane Man. "I will buy him and take him home to the children."



2

"Ef Oi was you, Oi wud niver toi that rope around me waist," says the former proprietor of the calf.

"Oh, never fear; he is a gentle thing," says the Humane Man.



3

The "gentle thing" develops a tendency to play rather startling to the Humane Man.

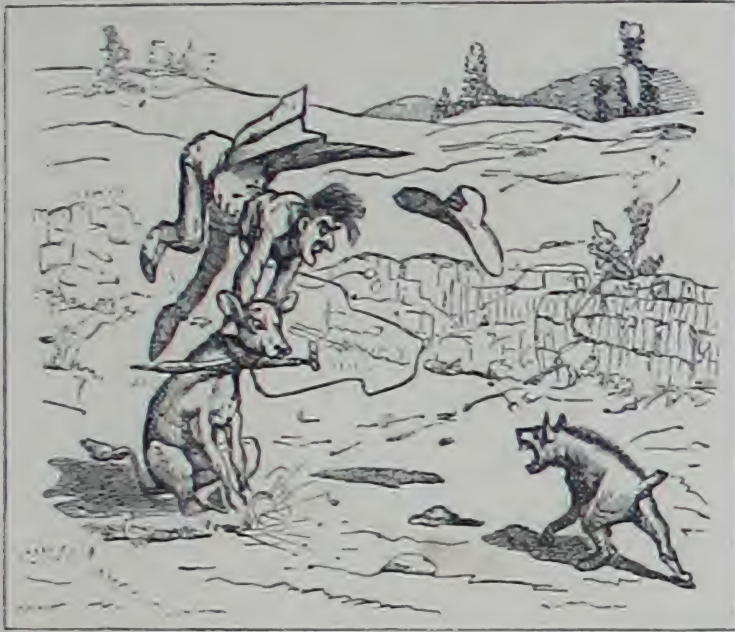


4

And takes him for a little dash down a stony hill.



## *The Humane Man and the Bull Calf.*



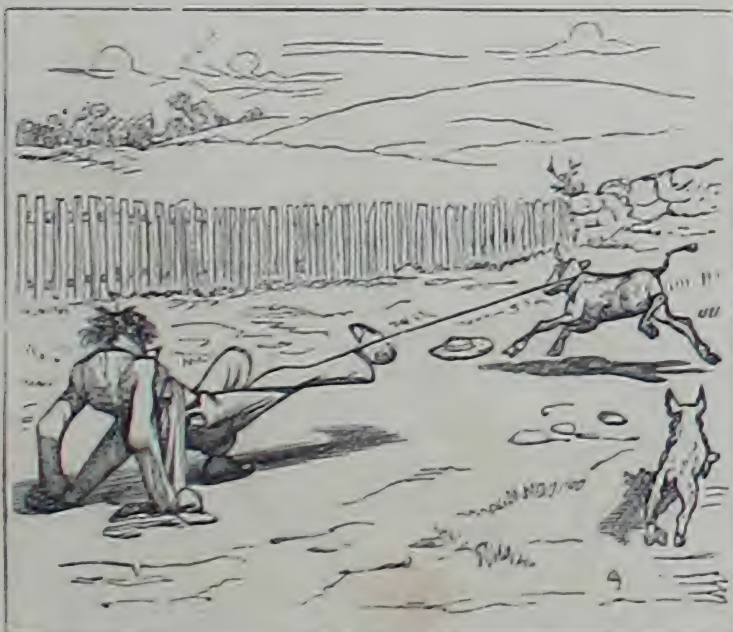
5

But is stopped at the bottom by a small dog.



6

"Be still, little calfy, till I untie this cord—that's a good little calfy," says the Humane Man.



7

Renewal of hostilities by the dog, and a circus performance by the Humane Man and his purchase.

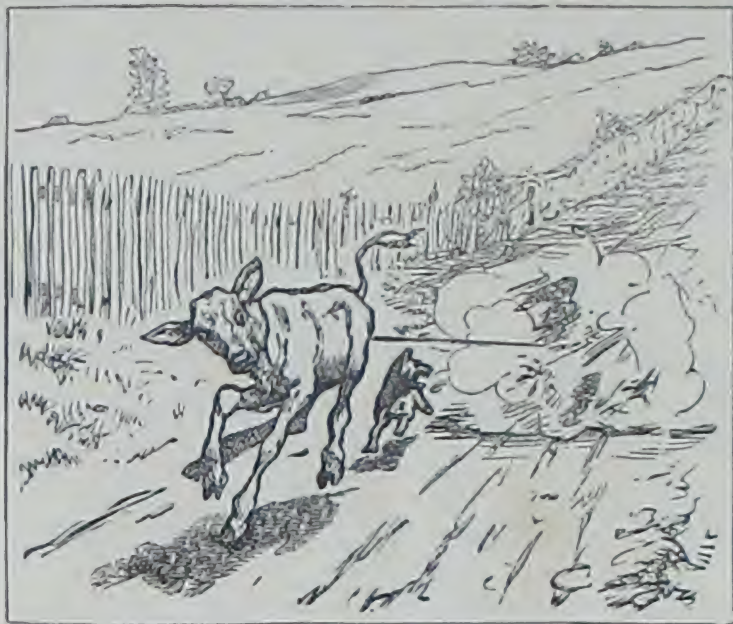


8

Sudden termination to the circus performance owing to the want of more rope. "You microcephalous idiot," says the Humane Man, "if I had a knife I'd——"

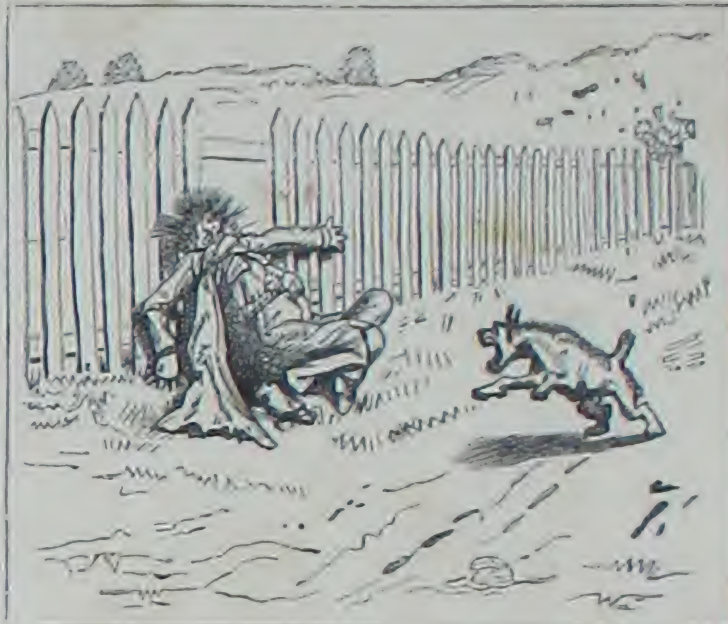


## The Humane Man and the Bull Calf.



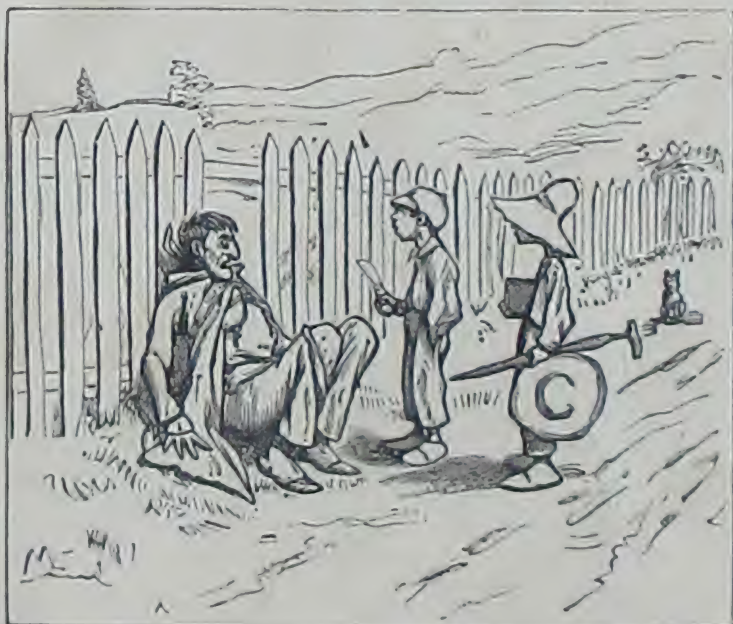
9

—but the sentence is never finished, for again the heartless dog interferes, and the Humane Man is unfurled in a cloud of dust.



10

The “pretty creature” becomes really alarmed and goes through a break in the fence, leaving the Humane Man in a serious position.



11

Rescue of the Humane Man by natives—mutual astonishment.



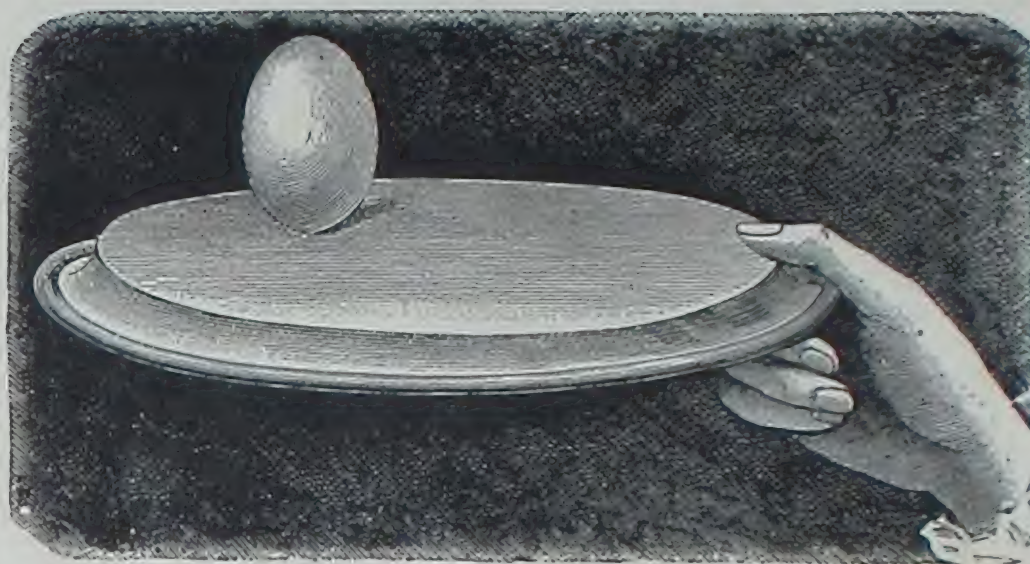
12

“Boys,” says the Humane Man, “you may have that calf—he is yours on condition that he is made at once into *veal—minced veal!!*”









## Magic at Home.

THE DANCING EGG.—Place the egg (which should be hard boiled, not raw) upon the under-side of a smooth tray, and move the tray round and round horizontally, gradually increasing in speed. The egg, resting in the middle of the tray, is carried round and round by the movement, and gradually begins to revolve on its own axis, faster and faster, till at last it is seen to rise on end, and spin away exactly as a top would do.



TO LIFT A TUMBLER WITH  
THE OPEN HAND.

In all experiments involving egg-balancing, you will find it a material aid to success to keep the egg *upright* in the saucepan while it is being boiled. The air-chamber will, in such case, be kept central with the longer axis of the egg, which will in consequence be much more easily balanced.

To set the egg spinning as above described demands a considerable amount of practice, not to



mention some strength, and, still more, address. For the benefit of those who may prefer to succeed at the first attempt, I will indicate a simpler plan of proceeding:

Place the tray on the table, letting it project so far over the edge as to be readily and rapidly grasped by the hand. Place the egg in the middle, and with the thumb of the left and the first finger of the right hands placed at opposite ends, set it vigorously spinning. It will immediately rise on end, still spinning. Quickly seize the tray, and you will then have nothing to do but to keep the egg still rotating, which is a very easy matter.



TO BALANCE AN EGG ON THE NECK  
OF A BOTTLE.

TO LIFT A TUMBLER WITH THE OPEN HAND.—The problem in this case, as shown on preceding page, is to lift a glass of water, making it adhere to the palm of the open hand. You will readily guess that the effect depends on the existence of a partial vacuum beneath the hand, but you may be glad to know how such vacuum is to be obtained.

The method is simplicity itself: it is as follows:—Place the glass on the table, and lay the palm of your hand over its mouth, bending down the four fingers at a right angle, as shown in the lower figure of our illustration. This done, if, still resting the palm of the hand on the edge of the glass, you quickly raise the four fingers so as to have the hand outspread, as in the upper figure, you will have produced beneath your hand a partial vacuum, sufficient to enable the atmospheric pressure to overcome the force of gravity, and the tumbler of water will remain attached, like a cupping-glass, to your hand.



TO BALANCE AN EGG ON THE NECK OF A BOTTLE.—Insert into an ordinary cork, one on either side, as seen in illustration on pre-



A CURIOUS COIN TRICK.

ceding page, two forks of exactly equal weight. Hollow slightly the lower end of the cork, so that it may adapt itself with tolerable exactness to the larger end of the egg. Place the opposite extremity of the egg on the edge of the neck of a bottle, holding it as upright as possible. After one or two attempts, you will

find that the combination rests in equilibrium.

A CURIOUS COIN TRICK.—Take a wine-glass of conical shape, whose largest diameter is a shade larger than that of a silver dollar. Place at the bottom a dime, and above it the dollar, which should rest about a quarter of an inch below the edge, and act as a sort of lid. You may now announce that without touching either the glass or the larger coin you will make the dime fly out of the glass. To do this you have only to blow smartly on the nearer edge of the dollar. The coin turns on its own axis, assuming a vertical position, and at the same moment the compressed air, forced by your breath under the dime, makes this latter jump out of the glass, after which the dollar reverts to its original condition. The experiment will succeed with wine-glasses of various shapes.



A SELF-BALANCING PLATE.



A SELF-BALANCING PLATE.—The basting-ladle, the modest sceptre of her majesty, the cook, has often played its part in the performance of some curious experiments apparently contravening the laws of gravity.



THE FORCE OF THE BREATH.

Let us add to it its sister, the skimmer, and the two combined will enable us to place the edge of an inverted plate on the brim of a drinking-glass, or the lip of a water carafe, as seen in illustration on preceding page, where it will remain in stable equilibrium.

Hook the handle of the ladle on to the edge of the plate, and wedge it up tightly with a slice of cork, so that it cannot shift to either side. With the left hand apply the edge of the plate to the neck of the water-bottle, and with the right hook the skimmer on to the bowl of the ladle. After a few trials, moving the edge of the plate backwards and forwards over the neck of the bottle, you will hit the exact position in which it will rest equilibrium.

THE FORCE OF THE BREATH.—When you blow into a paper bag in order to swell it out, afterwards bursting it with a blow to produce the familiar “bang,” have you ever stopped to ask yourself what was the precise force of your breath? You know that such force can be measured by the instrument known as the spirometer, which you occasionally see at a railway station or a country fair. But a simple paper bag may be made to answer the purpose of the spirometer, as I propose to explain.

The bag must be rather long and narrow, air tight, and of thin, tough paper. Lay it flat, near the edge of a table, with the mouth



turned towards yourself; place various weights upon it, increasing by degrees and you will be surprised at the weight that your breath will thus lift. To upset a couple of Webster's Dictionaries, placed one upon the other, will be mere child's play, as you will find on putting the matter to the test.

AN ANIMATED SHADOW.—There is nothing very complicated about the experiment we are about to describe, but our readers will find it very much easier to comprehend if, instead of merely reading our explanation, they will try it for themselves. Everybody knows that if you place yourself between a lighted candle and the wall, your body will throw a shadow on the latter, but such shadow will only be in profile, and you cannot expect to see within its compass eyes, nose or mouth. I am about to describe a method which not merely supplies these absent features, but will even make the eyes roll from side to side, and the mouth, furnished with teeth of portentous size, open and shut as though eager to devour some member of the company.

To produce this effect, you must place yourself at one corner of the room, near a wall to which a looking-glass is attached. The person who holds the light behind you must arrange, by varying as needful its elevation and distance from

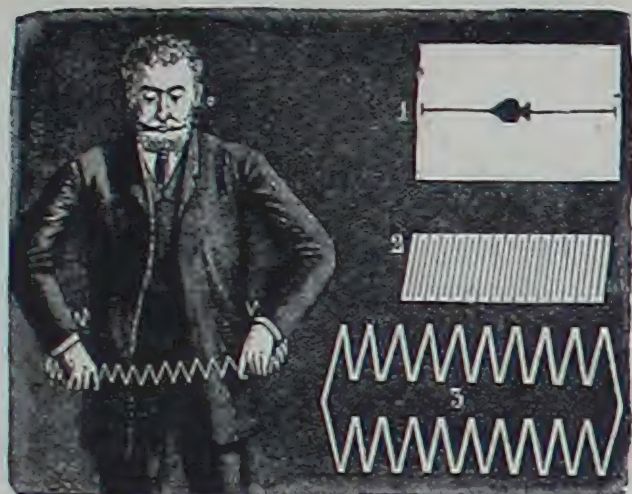


AN ANIMATED SHADOW.

the wall, that the reflection of the light in the glass shall fall exactly on the same spot of the wall as the shadow of your head. The reflection of the glass will appear as a luminous oval or rectangle within the shadow.



If, however, you cover the mirror with a sheet of stout paper, in which you have cut out, as shown in our illustration, two eyes,



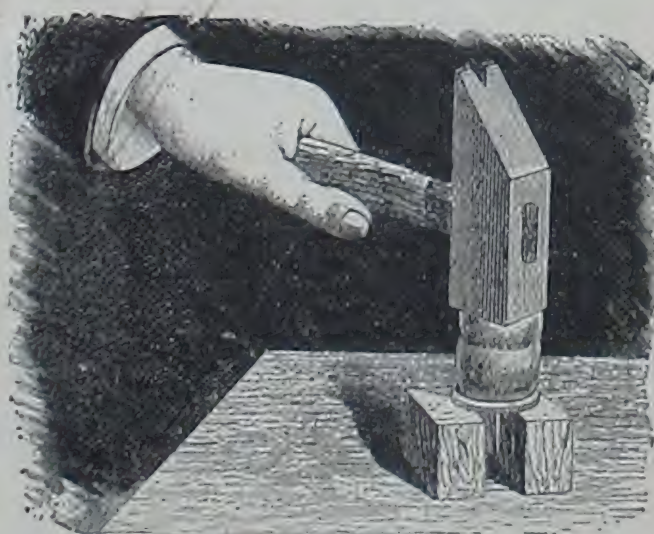
TO PASS A PERSON'S BODY THROUGH A  
PLAYING-CARD.

a nose and mouth, as grotesque as you please, the luminous rays passing through these openings will alone be reflected, and will appear duly placed as shapes of light in the middle of the shadow of your head, with the effect shown in our illustration.

To make the experiment still more startling, you may cover the mirror with *two* papers cut out in like manner,

one being fixed, the other movable. This latter you will move as may be needed in front of the other, when the spectators will, as I have stated, see the eyes roll and mouth open, in an alarming manner.

TO PASS A PERSON'S BODY THROUGH A PLAYING-CARD.—If you chance to be at an evening party, and somebody obliges with a few card-tricks, invite the performer; when you see him approaching the end of his budget, to pass himself through a card. He will probably reply that he will do so if you find him a card big enough, but the problem will seem more formidable when you tell him that you mean a playing-card of ordinary size.



TO DRIVE A NEEDLE THROUGH  
A PENNY.

Not to keep him too long in suspense, you take a card and cut it longitudinally down the middle, stopping just short of each end,



as shown by diagram No. 1 of our illustration. You fold the card in half along the line of the incision, and then with a pair of scissors you make a succession of cuts through the double thickness, from each side alternately, as shown in diagram No. 2. Again unfolding the card and drawing its ends apart, you will find it transformed into an endless extensible band, composed of a number of little slips joined together, the angles between them becoming less and less acute as you pull as above-mentioned, till they are drawn sufficiently far apart to allow you to pass the card over and around your body, or your body through the card, as you have undertaken to do.

TO DRIVE A NEEDLE THROUGH A PENNY.  
—To drive a needle through a penny, particularly if the needle be a fine one, seems at first sight an impossibility. It is, however, a very easy matter, if you set about it in the right way.

All you have to do is to thrust the needle through a cork, allowing the point to project slightly, and then, with a pair of cutting pliers, nip off all that remains exposed at the opposite end. Place cork and penny as shown in our illustration on preceding page, or simply let the coin rest on a piece of soft wood, and hammer away vigorously on the top of the cork, holding it in position with the left hand.

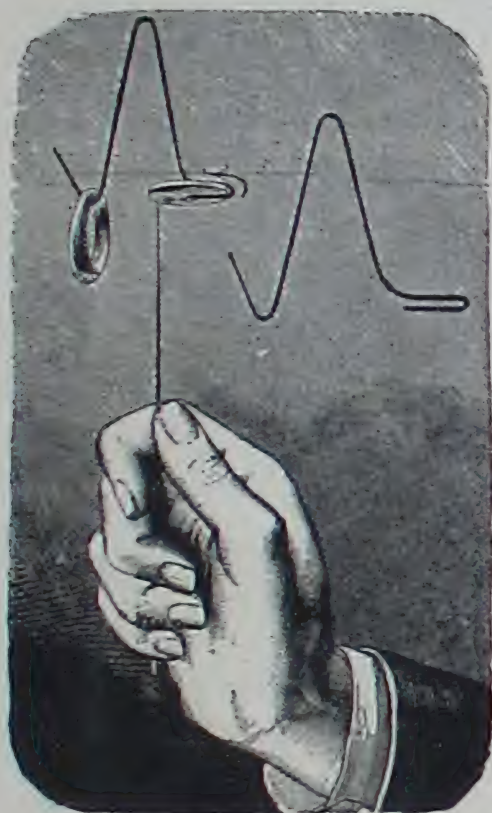
The needle, being steel, is harder than the copper of the coin, and the cork preventing it from bending to either side, it may be driven through the penny, or any other coin of like substance, with perfect ease.



THE DIVIDED PEAR.



THE DIVIDED PEAR.—The problem in this case is to find the position in which a knife must be held that a pear, suspended high up near to the ceiling, shall, on the severing of the thread to which



TO SPIN A PENNY UPON THE POINT  
OF A NEEDLE.

it is attached, so fall as to cut itself in half upon the blade. There is no necessity for line or plummet; we need only to dip the suspended pear in a glass of water, which we forthwith remove. The water drips from it; we note the exact spot on the floor or table where the drops fall, and make a private mark on such spot.

This is done privately beforehand, so that the company, on their arrival, find the pear suspended in readiness for the feat, and know nothing of the tell-tale “drop.”

At the proper moment you hold the knife, edge upwards, immediately over the point which you have marked, while someone applies a lighted match to the thread. If you have duly followed our instructions, the pear, in falling, should cut itself in half upon the blade.

For the experiment as above described one knife only is used; but it may also be performed with two knives, as shown in our illustration on preceding page. The knives must cross each other over the precise point where the drop falls. The pear will then cut itself into four pieces, which may be caught on a plate or tray held just below the knives.

A few preliminary trials will be desirable before attempting to show the experiment in public.



TO SPIN A PENNY UPON THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.—Bend a hair-pin as shown in our illustration on preceding page. Place a penny horizontally on the right-hand hook, which should be narrow enough to clip it closely, and hang upon the left-hand hook a tolerably heavy finger ring (or two, if one is found insufficient). Place the free edge of the coin on some upright point (that of a lady's bonnet-pin, for example), and you will find that the combination can be made to balance itself. Furthermore, by gently blowing upon the ring, you can set the apparatus revolving rapidly, without any disturbance of its equilibrium.

If you spin the penny upon a very sharp steel needle, you will find that the needle will at length work its way completely through the coin. You may, therefore, if you please, propound your puzzle in this rather striking form:—*How to bore a hole through a penny by merely blowing upon it.*

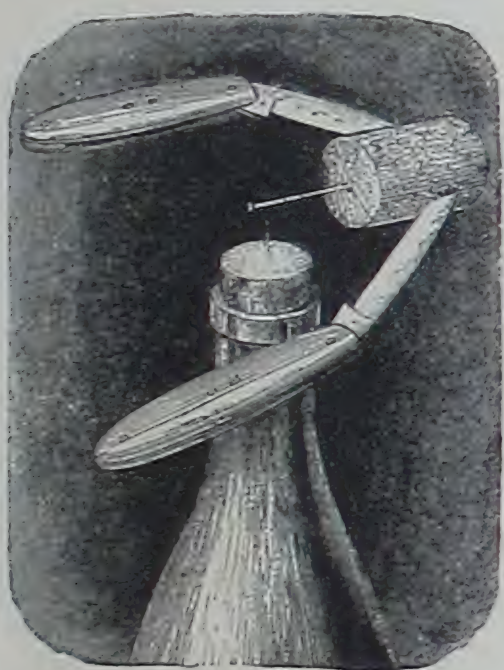
THE BOTTLE AND THE KEYS.—Take six keys in descending gradations of size. For facility of reference we will call them (commencing with the largest) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively. Place Nos. 1 and 2 with their bitts resting on the table, and pass the bow of No. 2 through that of No. 1, as shown in the figure. The two keys will make a tolerably obtuse angle, and by pressing downwards with the hand on their bows it may be ascertained that they are solidly interlocked, and that neither of them is likely to slip on the table. These two keys serve as a foundation for the rest. You now pass



THE BOTTLE AND THE KEYS.



the bitt of No. 3 through the bow of No. 2, and then, in succession, the bitts of Nos. 4, 5 and 6 through the bows of Nos. 3, 4 and 5, meanwhile making sure, by looking down on them from above, that they are all in the same vertical plane. If the successive interlockings of the bitts within the bows have been properly made, which you will ascertain by a gentle pressure on the key (No. 6) which crowns the edifice, nothing will be easier than to make the bows of Nos. 5 and 6 (the position of this last being



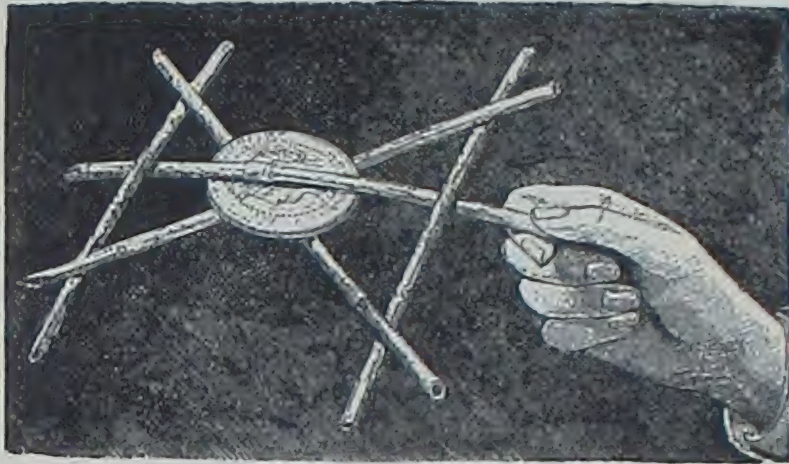
TO DRILL A HOLE WITH A NEEDLE  
THROUGH A PIN.

all but horizontal) support a variety of articles of domestic use. To enhance the effect, the more fragile the article the better, say a plate, a soup-tureen, a decanter, or a bottle. If a bottle be used, it should only be half full, so as to keep its centre of gravity low down. This increases the stability (or perhaps we should say decreases the instability) of your rather precarious structure.

TO DRILL A HOLE WITH A NEEDLE THROUGH A PIN.—The pin is stuck in the head of a cork, into which are thrust, one on either side, two penknives of equal weight. (Should there be a trifling difference in this particular, it may be got over by varying the degrees of opening.) Place the head of the pin on the end of your finger, and open or close the blades of the knives, bit by bit, till the pin rests exactly horizontal; then transfer it to the point of a needle, stuck head downwards, in the cork of a bottle. By blowing upon the cork which holds the penknives, you may set the combination in movement, revolving on the point of the needle.



Further, the needle will speedily begin to work a hole in the pin and will, in due time, make its way completely through it.



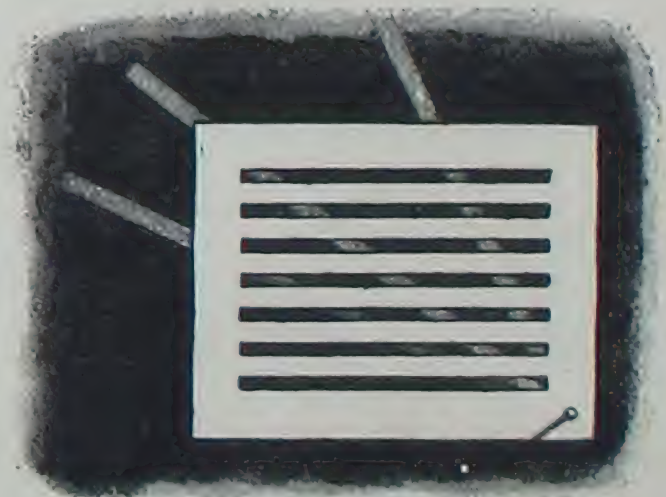
THE FIVE-STRAW PUZZLE.

#### THE FIVE-STRAW PUZZLE.

—You are supplied with five straws of equal length (about three and a half inches), and you are required to lift all five, holding only the tip of one of them. How is it to be managed?

Our illustration answers the question. A glance will show you the arrangement of the five little straws and the coin in their centre, which is, as will be seen, as simple as possible—when you know it. The use of the coin is an optional addition. It wedges all tight, and prevents the straws slipping when once put together; but it is by no means indispensable. If you propound the problem to an uninitiated person you will be surprised to find how long a time he will expend before finding the solution. Puzzles of this kind have in them a scientific element which interests the intellect, while they at the same time train the hand to delicacy of manipulation.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—Cut strips out of a visiting-card in such manner as to transform it into a sort of parallel-barred grating, as shown in the figure, and then move up and down behind it a narrow strip of paper or card, cut perfectly straight from end to end, and pivoted



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



on a pin thrust through one corner of the larger card. When the movable bar is pretty nearly perpendicular to the bars of the grating its edges will appear straight, but as you slope it more and more



A LIFE-SIZED DANCING-DOLL.

with reference to the bars, its edges will appear more and more to deviate from the straight line, as if broken into little steps.

This is especially striking when the bar reaches the lowest position shown in our illustration, when it is only by actually applying a ruler to the edges of the bar that you are enabled to resist the optical illusion we have referred to, and to satisfy yourself that these apparently distorted lines are, in reality, perfectly straight.

A LIFE-SIZED DANCING-DOLL.—This is a little amusement which requires absolutely no preparation, and which is within the reach of everybody. Place yourself beside a wardrobe having a mirror door, as shown in our illustration, in such manner that one-half of your body is hidden, the other half projecting beyond the front of the wardrobe. To a person facing you, at a proper distance, it will appear that he sees your whole person, inasmuch as the visible half of your body is reflected in the glass, causing the illusion that the whole is seen. If you raise the visible arm, the spectator will see another arm, of like shape and position, elevate itself in the mirror, so that you will appear to raise both arms.

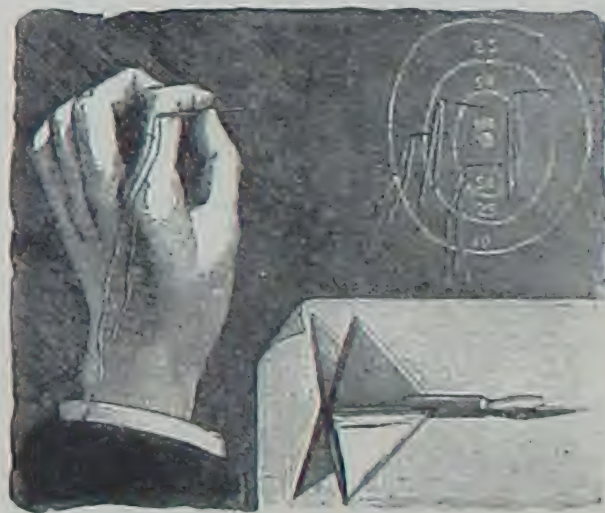
So far you have not done anything out of the common, for it is not difficult to lift both arms at once. But it will be quite a different thing when you come to raise the leg shown beyond the



glass. In such case the glass will give the reflection of a second leg, lifted simultaneously, so that, your body having to all appearance quitted its point of support on the floor, you will seem to be lifting both legs at once, like a "jumping Jack" when the string is pulled.

**THE MAGIC DART.**—Take an ordinary sewing-needle, of medium size, with a good sharp point. Stand at three paces' distance from a door or wooden partition, and, holding the needle between your finger and thumb, try, by throwing it as strongly as you can, to make it stick in the woodwork. Try as you will, however great your skill or unwearied your perseverance, you will never succeed. Now, however, pass through the eye of the needle a simple bit of thread, and try again. You will succeed every time in planting the needle in the door or piece of woodwork you have chosen for the target. The little bit of thread you have added has transformed your needle into an effective dart, and makes its point, almost as a matter of course, strike and penetrate the object against which it is thrown. So remarkable a result will not fail to excite the astonishment of the spectators, and you will be gratified by hearing, on all sides, complimentary remarks upon your extraordinary skill.

The conjurer Comus, who was the inventor of this feat, covered the use of the thread by a very artful expedient. He made the company select, among a number of threads of different colors, that which he was to use, in order (as he said) to prove that it was the chosen needle, and no other, that was fixed in the partition. The use of the thread (which in



THE MAGIC DART.



reality formed the secret of the trick) was thus made to appear a mere expedient for proving that there was "no deception."



A MODERN TANTALUS.

I.

The reader will find in this experiment a reminiscence of the dart (composed of a penholder with paper wings, as shown at the foot of our illustration) with which we were all familiar at school, and which has brought many a luckless wight to grief for practicing the throwing of the javelin when he ought to have been studying Homer or Virgil.

A MODERN TANTALUS.—Place a chair on the ground, so that the front shall rest on the floor, the back and the two hinder legs being in the same horizontal plane. Invite some person to kneel on the rail which crosses between the two hind legs, and while in that position to pick up with his mouth a lump of sugar, resting on the back of the upper rail.

The thing at first sight seems a very easy matter; but if the person who tries the experiment is not careful to bend his knees and draw his body well back on his hams, so that his centre of gravity shall remain in the rear of the seat of the chair, it will inevitably tip forward, as shown in our second illustration, and the victim, like a modern Tantalus, will see the sugar shoot away from him at the very moment when he thinks he has secured it.



A MODERN TANTALUS.

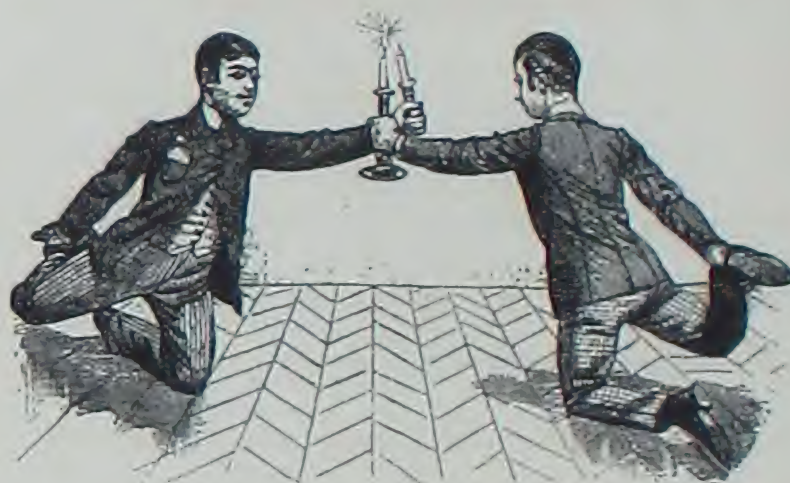
II.

CANDLE LIGHTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. — In the experiment of the gentleman kneeling on the rail of a chair, which we have entitled "A Modern Tantalus," the difficulty of maintaining the balance lies in the direction of the



length of the body, and the novice, as we have seen, tips forward. In the recreation we are about to describe, the victim rolls over sideways to right or left, at his selection, or, as the Fates decide.

The feat to be performed is as follows:—Two persons kneel on the ground, facing each other. Each holds in his left hand a candle in a candlestick, at the same time grasping his right foot in his right hand. This position compels him to balance himself on his left knee. One of the candles is lighted; the other is not. The holders are required to light the unlighted candle from the lighted one. The conditions, as will be seen, are simple enough, but you would hardly believe how often the performers will roll over on the floor before they succeed in lighting the candle. It will be found desirable to spread a newspaper on the floor between the combatants. Many spots of candle-grease will thus be intercepted,



CANDLE LIGHTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

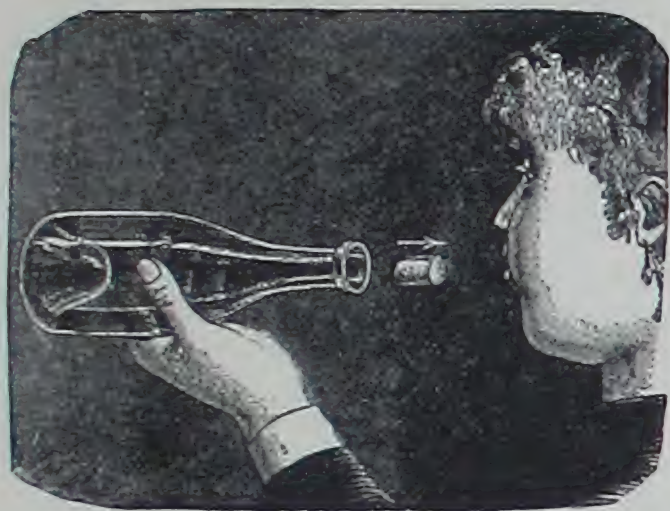
and the peace of mind of the lady of the house proportionately spared.

**THE OBSTINATE CORK.**—Take a wine-bottle, and a cork of a size considerably smaller than its mouth (say the cork of a medicine-phial). Place it just within the neck of the bottle, held horizontally, and invite anyone to drive it into the bottle by blowing it in. The thing seems simple enough. The experimentalist blows with all the power of his lungs, but the cork, instead of being driven into the bottle, flies out in his face; and the more smartly he blows, the more vigorous will be its exit. He tries again,



this time blowing gently, but the result is the same; the cork *will* insist on coming out, instead of going into the bottle.

The explanation of the phenomenon, which is very amusing to



THE OBSTINATE CORK.

lookers-on, is as follows:—When the experimenter blows upon the cork a certain quantity of air is at the same time forced into the bottle, and is compressed with so much energy, that it forms an elastic cushion behind the cork, which, pressing against such cushion, is rapidly shot out again. If you have proposed

a bet on the subject you will certainly win, unless, indeed, your adversary happens to be (which I trust for his own sake he may) a reader of *QUEERIES*, which will furnish him with, not one only, but three ways of getting the better of “the obstinate cork.”

1. Since if you blow on the cork it is driven out again by the air which is thereby compressed in the bottle, try whether you do not succeed better by adopting the opposite plan, *i. e.*, by exhausting the air. By so doing, as you will find on trial, you create a partial vacuum within the bottle. The moment your mouth leaves the neck air rushes in to fill the void, and the cork, carried forward by the current thus produced, slides comfortably to the bottom of the bottle.

2. A partial vacuum, or rarefaction of the air, may be produced by warming the bottle over a lamp or before a fire. This done, the current of cooler air from the mouth will drive the cork into the bottle.



3. Lastly, if you have at hand a small tube of any kind, say a straw, a pipe-stem, or even a stick of macaroni, you have only, in order to succeed, to blow through this tube, pointing it squarely at the base of the cork, which will immediately enter the bottle.

A STARTLER FOR A CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER.—There is no rose without its thorn, and it must be admitted, as the one drawback to the magic of common things, that when the “common things” in question take the form of the best tea set, the experiments are apt to cause *Materfamilias* some anxiety of mind. The experiment we are about to describe is of this kind.

You are required to balance a coffee-cup on the point of a carving-knife. The accessories are simple enough; in fact, you find them all at hand when you take your seat at the dinner-table—a cork, a table-fork; nothing more is required, save, indeed, the knowledge “how it’s done,” and the skill to do it. Pass the cork through the handle of a coffee-cup. It should fit tightly enough to be a close fit, but not so tightly as to part cup and handle. Next thrust the fork into the cork, two of its teeth on either side of the handle of the cup, in such manner that the opposite end of the fork shall incline slightly towards the bottom of the cup. The centre of gravity of the whole being thus made to fall below the cup, you place the latter on the point of a knife, and by successive trials you will, in due time, find the exact spot on which it will rest in equilibrium. The under-side of tea-cups being usually enameled,



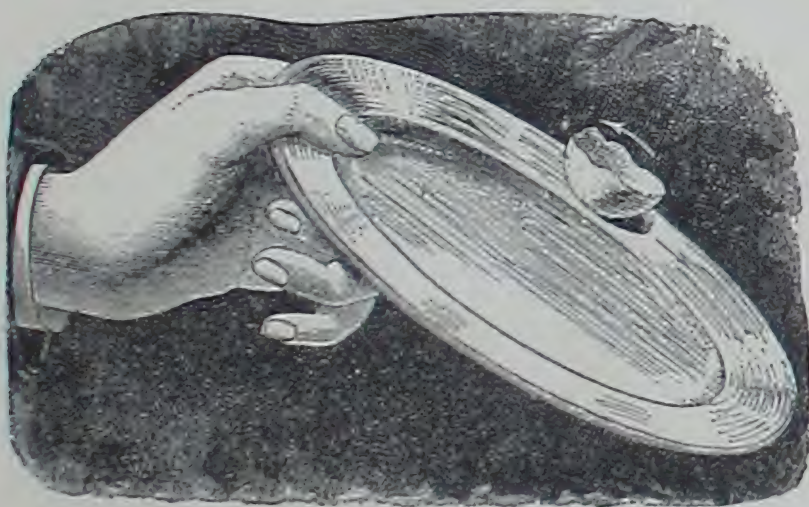
A STARTLER FOR A CAREFUL  
HOUSEKEEPER.



there must be no trembling of the hand which holds the knife, or the cup would slip and fall. At the outset it is well to keep the opposite hand close to the handle of the fork, so as to be able to seize it and save the cup in case of a fall. The second portion of our illustration shows another method of producing the same effect, a couple of table-knives, crossed, being substituted for the fork.

A final hint: If you wish to make sure of your coffee, drink it *before* you try to balance the cup.

THE ROTATION OF THE GLOBE.—When you next chance to eat an egg for breakfast, do not fail to try the following experiment.



THE ROTATION OF THE GLOBE.

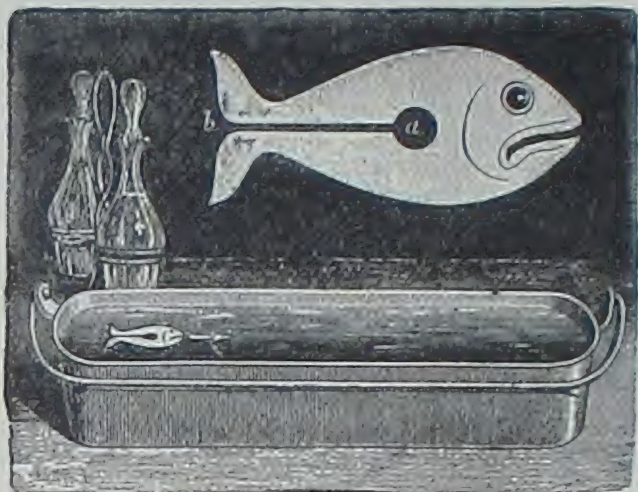
It is one which always succeeds, and is productive of much amusement to the company.

Moisten slightly with water the rim of your plate, and in the centre paint with the yolk of the egg (you see you have not far to go for coloring material) a sun

with golden rays. By the aid of this simple apparatus you will be in a position to illustrate, so clearly that a child can comprehend it, the double movement of the earth, which revolves simultaneously round the sun and on its own axis. All that you have to do is to place the empty half shell of your egg on the rim of the plate, and keeping this latter duly sloped, by a slight movement of the wrist as may be needful, you will see the egg-shell begin to revolve rapidly on its own axis, at the same time traveling round the plate. The slight cohesion caused by the water which



moistens the plate counteracts the centrifugal force, and so prevents the egg-shell falling off the edge of the plate.

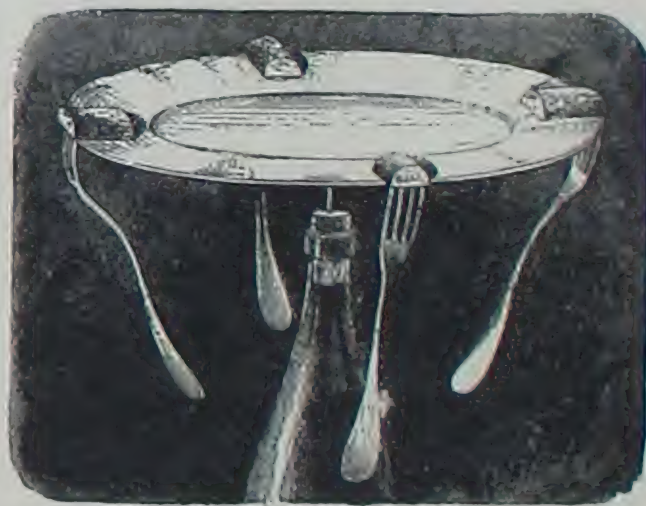


A PAPER FISH MADE TO SWIM AT PLEASURE.

A PAPER FISH MADE TO SWIM AT PLEASURE.—Cut out of ordinary paper a fish, as shown in our illustration. In the centre of the body must be a circular opening, *a*, communicating with the tail by a narrow canal, *a b*. Place water in some oblong vessel (a fish-kettle will answer the purpose for want of a better),

and lay the fish carefully on the water, so that its under-side shall be thoroughly wetted, though its upper surface remains dry. You may then challenge the company to set the fish in motion, *without touching or blowing upon it*.

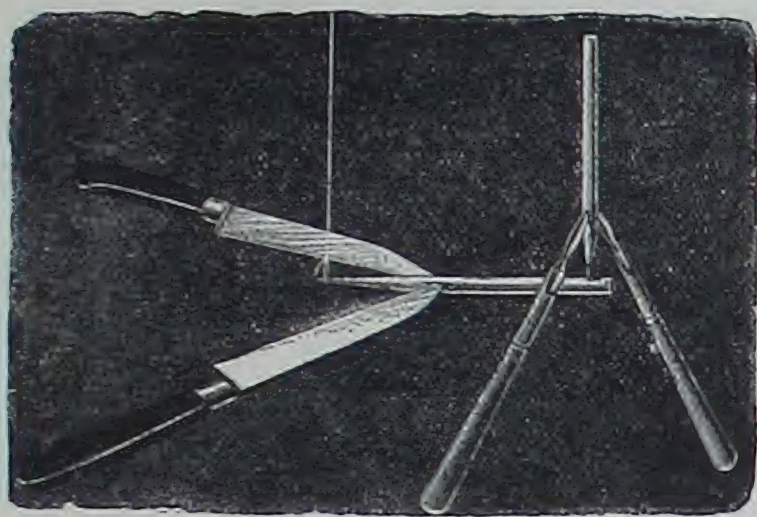
They will probably “give it up.” This is all you have to do: Pour delicately one or two drops of oil within the circular opening, *a*. The oil will strive to spread itself over the surface of the water, but it can only do so by traveling along the little canal, *a b*. By a reactive effect, the fish will be impelled in a direction opposite to that in which the oil escapes, or, in other words, forwards; and the movement will last long enough to set the spectators wondering at this strange movement of a mere bit of paper on the surface of the liquid; a movement which, if not initiated in, they will be wholly unable to account for.



A PLATE BALANCED ON A NEEDLE.



A PLATE BALANCED ON A NEEDLE.—Everyone who has visited a circus or a music-hall has seen the familiar juggler's trick of spinning



PENCILS BALANCED IN MID-AIR.

plates, salad-bowls, and other household utensils on the tip of a pointed stick. The object spun is usually of wood or metal, and its equilibrium is only temporary, depending upon centrifugal force, and coming to an end as soon as the rotatory movement is no longer strong enough to counter-

act the force of gravitation. The method we are about to describe goes farther than this. By its aid an ordinary plate may be supported in a condition of stable equilibrium on the point of a needle, and may even be set spinning while thus delicately poised.

Split a couple of corks down the middle, and into each of the four halves thus obtained thrust the prongs of a table-fork, forming with the flat surface made by the cut a little less than a right angle. Place the four corks, thus weighted, round the plate at equal distances (as shown in our illustration on preceding page), taking care that the teeth of the forks are well home against the edge of the plate, so as to prevent "wobbling." The plate, thus loaded, may be balanced upon the point of a needle, thrust head downwards into the cork of a bottle. By careful manipulation, so as to prevent slipping, you may set the plate spinning. The rotatory movement will continue for a considerable time, the friction at the point of contact being practically *nil*.

PENCILS BALANCED IN MID-AIR.—The object of this experiment, which we specially dedicate to young gentlemen at school, is to balance

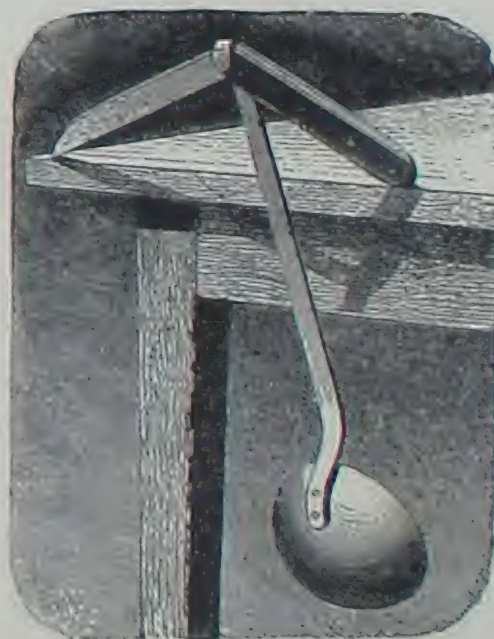


in space two lead-pencils; the one in a horizontal position, with its point resting on a needle, or suspended by a thread; the other upright, with its point resting on the opposite end of the first pencil.

Our readers are by this time so familiar with the principles of balancing, as illustrated in our previous experiments, that this will require but little explanation. The two knives, of equal weight, keeping the pencil horizontal (see the illustration), will recall the experiment of the pin perforated by a needle, as described on another page. The balancing of the second pencil, kept perpendicular by the aid of a couple of pen-holders, is a very hackneyed feat. But the combination of the two seems to us sufficiently original to be worthy of special notice.

If our young readers have rigged up the arrangement with sufficient care, they may even set it spinning round the point of suspension. Once started, it will revolve for a considerable time.

**THE SELF-BALANCED LADLE.**—With the aid of the ordinary basting-ladle, to be found in every kitchen, we are enabled to exhibit a balancing experiment, wherein the centre of gravity is not merely brought below, but carried to one side of the point of suspension. Place a half-opened pocket-knife on the edge of a table, as shown in the drawing; hook the shank of the ladle over the angle made by knife and blade, the concavity of the bowl being turned towards the table, and leave all to itself. The knife will rock and the ladle swing backwards and forwards till they rest in stable equilibrium.



THE SELF-BALANCED LADLE.

If you now fill the bowl of the ladle with sand, the knife will not fall, but, on the contrary, its angle will rise higher and higher.



A PROBLEM IN GYMNASTICS.—Place a low stool on the floor close against the wall, and yourself facing the wall, with your feet distant from it just double the width of the stool.



A PROBLEM IN GYMNASTICS.

Stoop down and grasp the stool with one hand on either side, and rest your head against the wall. Now lift the stool from the floor, and slowly raise yourself to the erect position—or, rather, endeavor to do so. It is better to try the experiment for the first time on a well-carpeted floor. On polished oak or parquetry you would probably have a nasty fall.

We have here a curious effect of the displacement of the centre of gravity of the body, which renders it almost impossible to stand upright without first replacing the stool on the ground, and resting the hand upon it to get the needful support.

TO BALANCE A PENCIL ON ITS POINT.—Our illustration supplies, without need of further explanation, the solution of the problem. You have merely to dig the blade of a half-open penknife into the pencil, a little above the point, and to open or close the blade, little by little, till you find that the balance is obtained. The combination of pencil and penknife thus placing itself in equilibrium is an illustration of a familiar law of mechanics; the centre of gravity of the combination falls below the point of support (the finger, the edge of the table, or the like), and thus stable equilibrium is obtained.

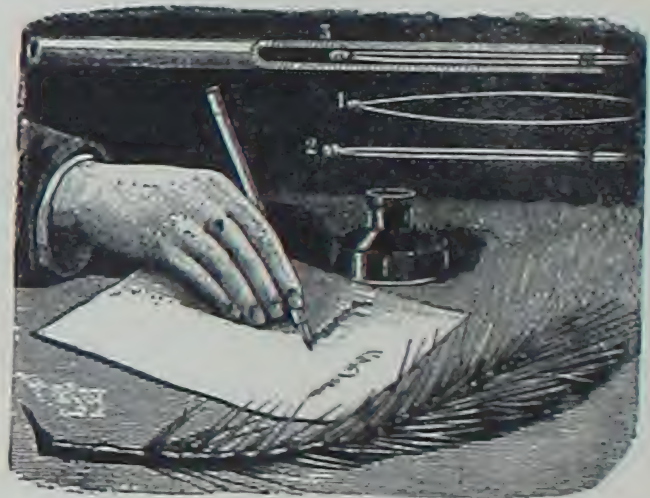


TO BALANCE A PENCIL ON ITS POINT.



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PEN.—Our pen, which we will christen, with your permission, the pen of Robinson Crusoe, is no other than the twin leaf of the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), or seaside pine (*Pinus maritima*).

Strip from the branch of pine a case with its two needles, as shown in Fig. 1 of our illustration. Draw the two needles together by means of a bit of thread tied round them near the points, as shown in Fig. 2. Here you have a pen, furnished with the orthodox pair of nibs, sharp enough for anything, and ready to write whatever you may desire. By way of penholder thrust your pen into the cavity of a short, straight piece cut from the branch of another tree, say lilac or elder (allowing the two points to project half an inch or so), or, still better, fix it in a pipe-stem, as shown in Fig. 3. The large diameter of the "case" will prevent the pen slipping altogether into the *extempore* penholder.



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PEN.

Now dip your pen into the inkstand. Do not remove it at once, as you are accustomed to do with other pens, but let it rest a little while in the liquid. By virtue of capillary attraction, the ink will rise in the tube formed by the conjunction of the two "needles," and your pen will very shortly be so well charged with ink that you can write twenty or twenty-five lines with it before you need to make another dip in the inkstand.

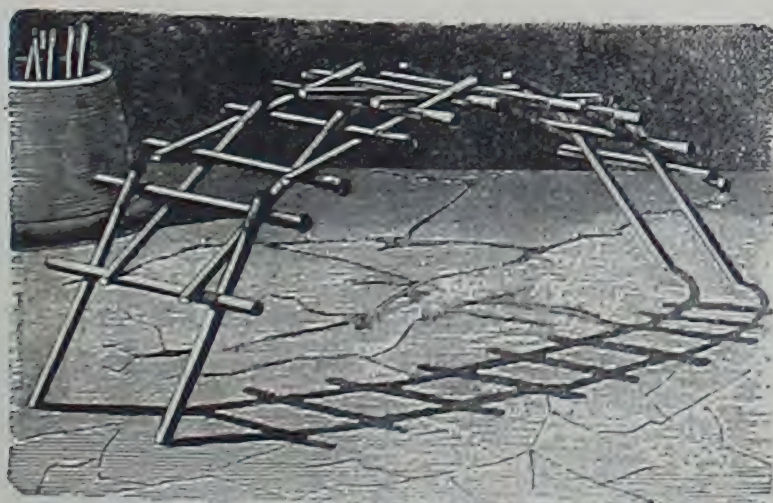
Fine, flexible, and proof against corrosion, our pen will answer every purpose. Longhand, shorthand, large text, small text, old English, or engrossing—all are within the capabilities of the Robinson Crusoe pen.



A BRIDGE OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—We have here a method of bridging with lucifer matches an intervening space equal in length to two or more such matches. This is effected by building with such matches a skeleton bridge of very elegant construction.

The matches must be of the old-fashioned large square pattern, now relegated to the kitchen. Having obtained the right article, you will have no difficulty in putting the framework together. Its construction is simple enough.

Lay match No. 1 on the table, and upon it, at right angles to it, the ends of Nos. 2 and 3, and across these lay 4. Now, with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, lift No. 1, and with the right hand slide in Nos. 5 and 6 (passing *over* 1 and under 4). From the way in which the timbers are interlaced, the whole will form a portion of an arc, its centre rising slightly from the table. Place 7 across and over 5 and 6, and 8 across and under the ends of these same two matches; gently lift 8 and introduce beneath it 9 and 10, whose left-hand extremities after passing under 8 must rest on 7; and so proceed until your bridge has attained the desired dimensions.



A BRIDGE OF LUCIFER MATCHES.





### THE LARKS AND THE FARMER.

A LARK had made her nest in the early spring on the young green wheat. The brood had almost grown to their proper strength, and attained the use of their wings and the full plumage of their feathers, when the owner of the field, overlooking his crop, now quite ripe, said:

“The time is come when I must send to all my neighbors to help me with my harvest.”

One of the young larks heard his speech, and related it to his mother, inquiring of her to what place they should move for safety.

“There is no occasion to move yet, my son,” she replied; “the man who only sends to his friends to help him with his harvest is not really in earnest.”

The owner of the field again came a few days later, and saw the wheat shedding the grain from excess of ripeness, and said:

“I will come myself to-morrow with my laborers, and with as many reapers as I can hire, and will get in the harvest.”

The Lark on hearing these words, said to her brood:

“It is time now to be off, my little ones, for the man is in earnest this time; he no longer trusts to his friends, but will reap the field himself.”

Self-help is the best help.



# The Larks and the Farmer.



"NOW, THEN," THE MOTHER SAID, "WE MUST BE GONE."



# THE LARKS AND THE FARMER

VERSIFIED  
FROM AESOP'S  
FABLES  
By  
MRS. LARA  
DOY BATES

O H, where shall we hide it,  
Where, oh where?"  
Cried a little fluttering  
Bird of the air.  
She had searched the marshes  
And meadows over,  
Thicket and hedgerow,  
Sprouting wheat-fields,  
Grass and clover.

Her mate had left her  
There in the dew,  
For the very peak  
Of Heaven's blue;  
A tenor singer  
He was, and sweet  
Where the ariettas  
He dropped from cloudland  
Down at her feet.

"I will leave it all  
To your woman's wit,  
And will sing while you  
Are deciding it,"  
He said, and went soaring  
Aloft, up—up!  
Spilling his music  
As water is spilled from  
An o'er-ful cup.





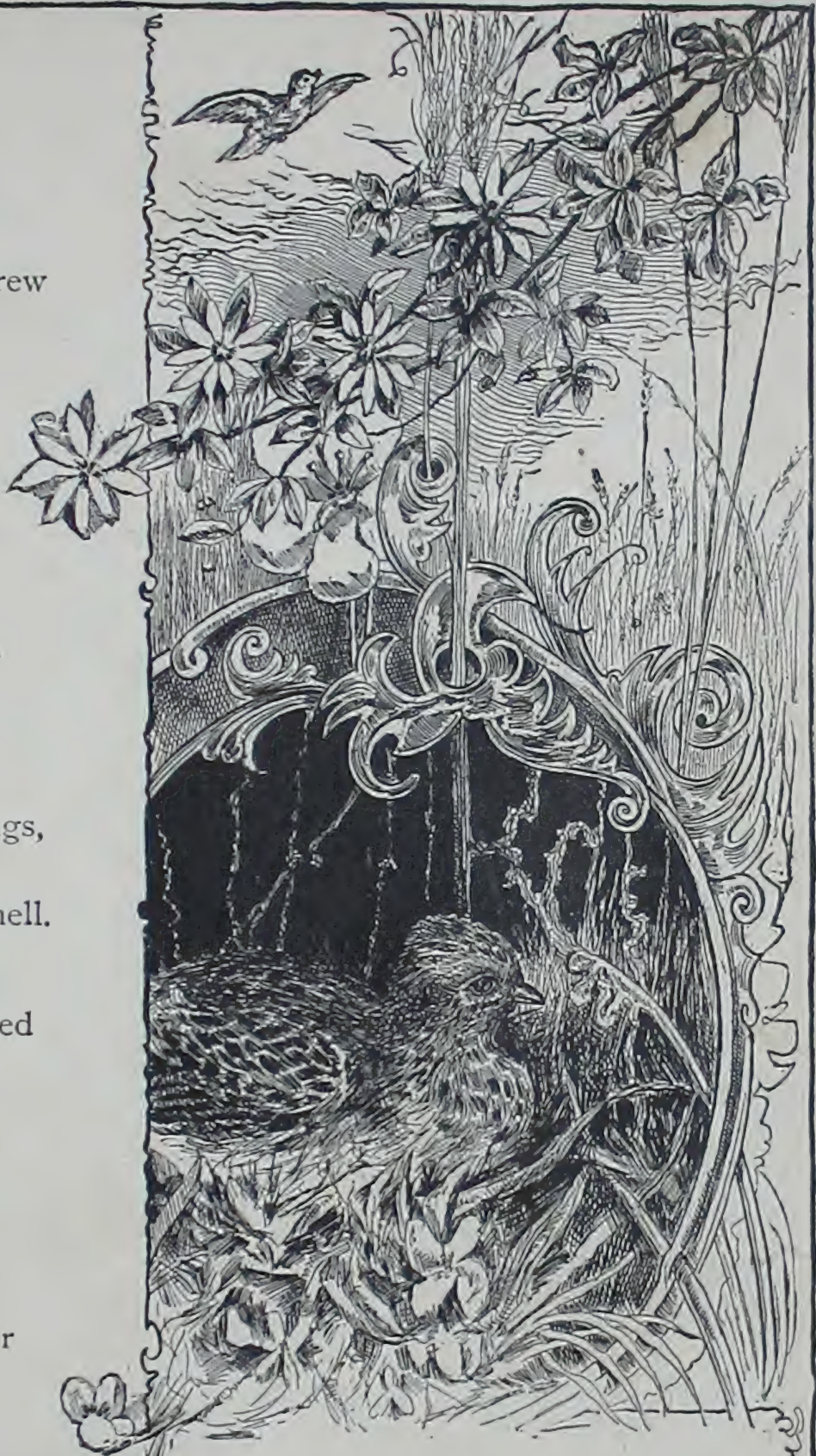
Soon she discovered  
The very best,  
The cunningest, cosiest  
Spot for a nest ;  
Right where the wheat grew  
Green as could be,  
In the wind glistening,  
Tumbling and rolling,  
Tossed like the sea.

There was the dear nest  
Skillfully made ;  
Five little, freckled, green  
Eggs in it laid ;  
Softly she hovered there,  
Striving to tell  
Just where the pretty things,  
Pecking and rapping,  
Would peep from the shell.

Long had the hours seemed  
While she sat there,  
Had it not been for  
The song in the air ;  
Even by looking up  
She could descry  
That little feather speck  
Sending down tunes to her  
Out of the sky.

What was it stirred so  
Under her wings ?—  
Higher her mate soars,  
Louder he sings !  
Five little birds hatched !  
Each one a Lark !  
Ah, when they fledge and fly,  
How will all summer-tide  
Listen and hark !

Rustled the wheat stalks,  
Ripening slowly,  
All round the cosey house  
Hidden and lowly ;  
Grew fast the little flock,  
Speckled of breast,  
Gaping their hungry mouths,  
Till over-running  
Was the home nest.





Wagged every wheat-head,  
 Yellow of beard ;  
 Almost the harvest !—  
 Watchful Lark feared ;  
 So when abroad they flew  
 Searching for food,  
 Worms, caterpillars,  
 Midges or beetles,  
 They warned their brood :

“ If any noise you hear,  
 Hover each other !  
 Any strange voices near,  
 Call to your mother !  
 For when the grain-fields  
 Yellowing stand,  
 Ripened for stack or thatch,  
 Then do the reapers come  
 Sickle in hand !”




One day a strange step  
 Paused near their bed,  
 And the old farmer-man  
 Thoughtfully said :  
 “ Aye, it is ripe enough !  
 I will go find  
 Some of my neighbor folk  
 To help me cut it,  
 Rake it, and bind.”

Wildly the nestlings' hearts  
 Flutter and beat ;  
 Scarce had they breath the grim  
 News to repeat ;  
 Laughed the Lark Mother :  
 “ Fie, do not worry !  
 If he depends on friends  
 Then take your ease, my dear,  
 There is no hurry !”





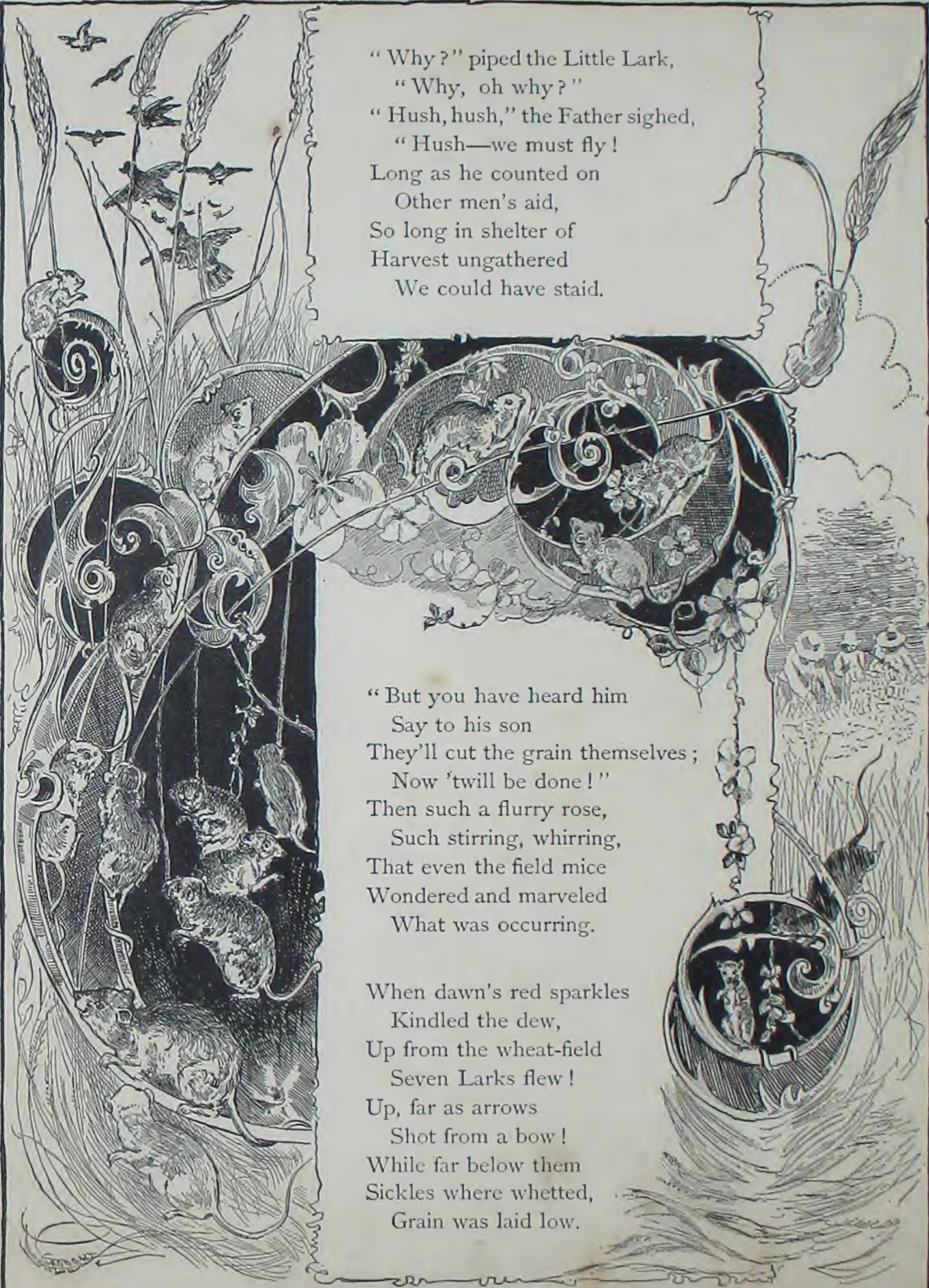
So when, another day,  
Farmer once more  
Planned for the neighbors' help,  
Just as before,  
All the wise little ones  
Smiled with disdain :  
"There is no danger yet !  
Here in our golden grove  
We can remain."



But the time came at last  
When with dismay  
Parent Larks heard the bluff  
Old fellow say :  
"We'll wait no longer  
For others, my son,  
But bright and early we'll  
Go at the work ourselves—  
Then 'twill be done !"

"Now then," the Mother cried,  
"Pack up your things ;  
Try well your bills and feet ;  
Shake out your wings !  
Soon as you spy the first  
Glimmer of dawn,  
Even though the heavy dew  
Drabbles and drenches us,  
We must be gone !"





"Why?" piped the Little Lark,  
"Why, oh why?"  
"Hush, hush," the Father sighed,  
"Hush—we must fly!  
Long as he counted on  
Other men's aid,  
So long in shelter of  
Harvest ungathered  
We could have staid.

"But you have heard him  
Say to his son  
They'll cut the grain themselves;  
Now 'twill be done!"  
Then such a flurry rose,  
Such stirring, whirring,  
That even the field mice  
Wondered and marveled  
What was occurring.

When dawn's red sparkles  
Kindled the dew,  
Up from the wheat-field  
Seven Larks flew!  
Up, far as arrows  
Shot from a bow!  
While far below them  
Sickles were whetted,  
Grain was laid low.





# DAME FIDGET AND HER SILVER PENNY.

VERSIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A WEE, wee woman  
Was little old Dame Fidget,  
And she lived by herself  
In a wee, wee room,  
And early every morning,  
So tidy was her habit,  
She began to sweep 'it out  
With a wee, wee broom.



To sweep for the cinders,  
Though never were there any,  
She whisked about, and brushed about,  
Humming like a bee;  
When, odd enough, one day  
She found a silver penny,  
Shining in a corner,  
As bright as bright could be.

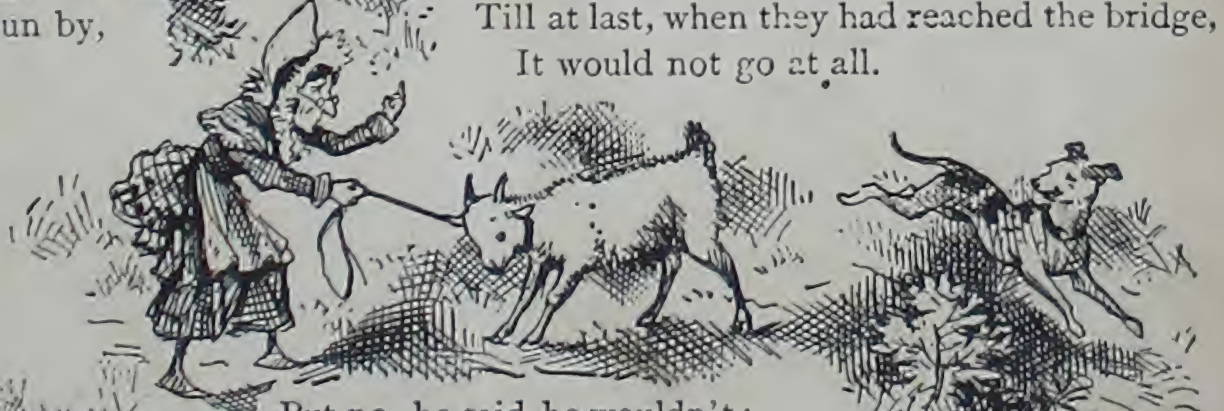


She eyed it, she took it  
Between her thumb and finger;  
She put it in the sugar bowl  
And quickly shut the lid;  
And after planning over carefully  
The way to spend it,  
She resolved to go to market  
And to buy herself a kid.



And that she did next day; but, ah,  
The kid proved very lazy!  
And it moved toward home so slowly  
She could scarcely see it crawl;  
At first she coaxed and petted it,  
And then she stormed and scolded,  
Till at last, when they had reached the bridge,  
It would not go at all.

Just then Dame Fidget saw a dog run by,  
And whistled to him,  
And cried: "Pray dog bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
I see by the moonlight  
'Tis almost midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
Half an hour ago!"



But no, he said he wouldn't;  
So to the stick she pleaded:  
"Pray stick beat dog, dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
I see by the moonlight  
'Tis almost midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
Half an hour ago!"



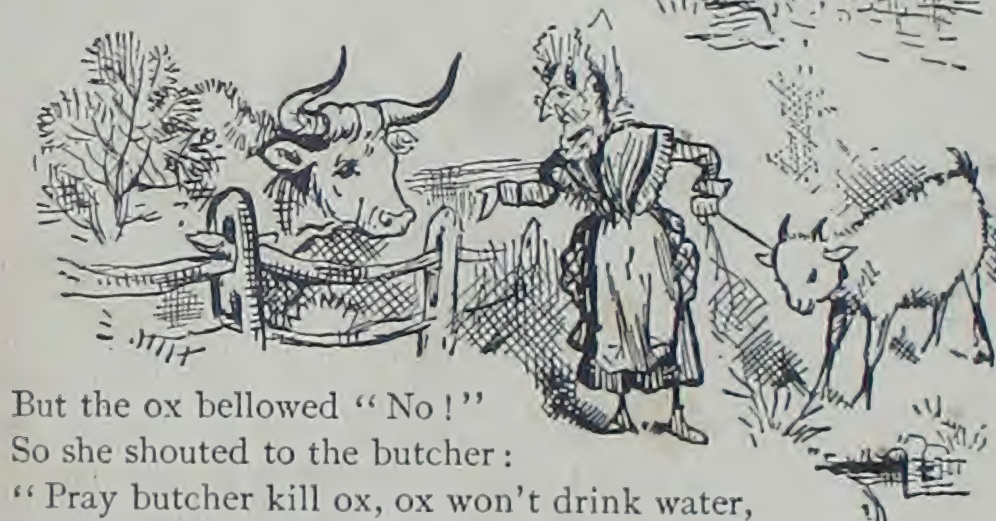


But the stick didn't stir,  
So she called upon the fire :  
"Pray fire burn stick, stick won't beat dog,  
Dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
And I see by the moonlight  
'Tis almost midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
Half an hour ago!"

But the fire only smoked,  
So she turned and begged the water :  
"Pray water quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
I see by the moonlight  
'Tis already midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
An hour and a half ago!"



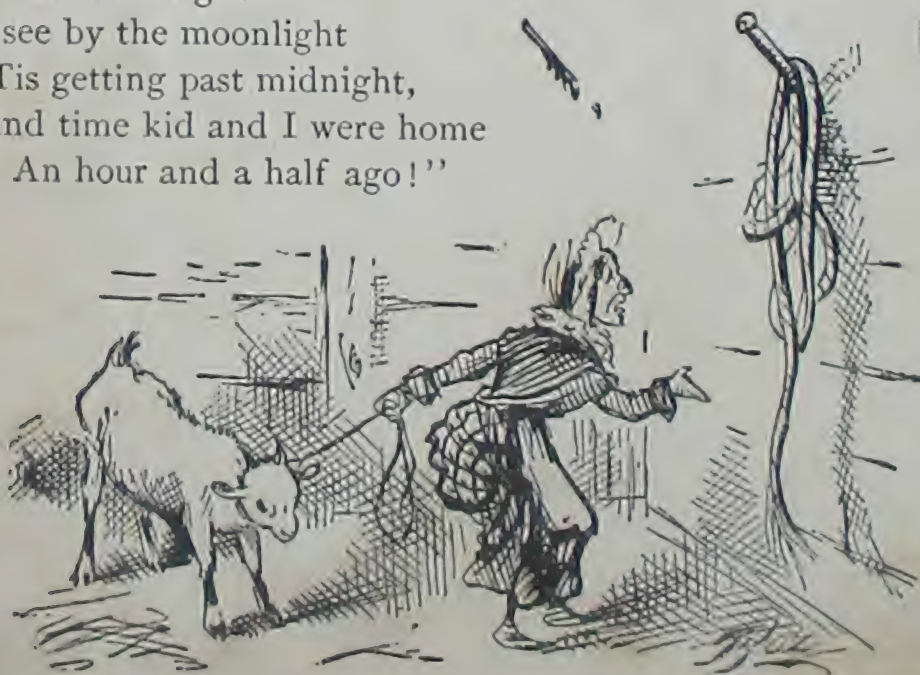
"Ha, ha!" the water gurgled,  
So to the ox appealing :  
"Pray ox drink water, water won't quench fire,  
Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,  
Dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
And I see by the moonlight  
'Tis already midnight  
And time kid and I were home  
An hour and a half ago!"



But the ox bellowed "No!"  
So she shouted to the butcher :  
"Pray butcher kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
I see by the moonlight  
'Tis getting past midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
An hour and a half ago!"



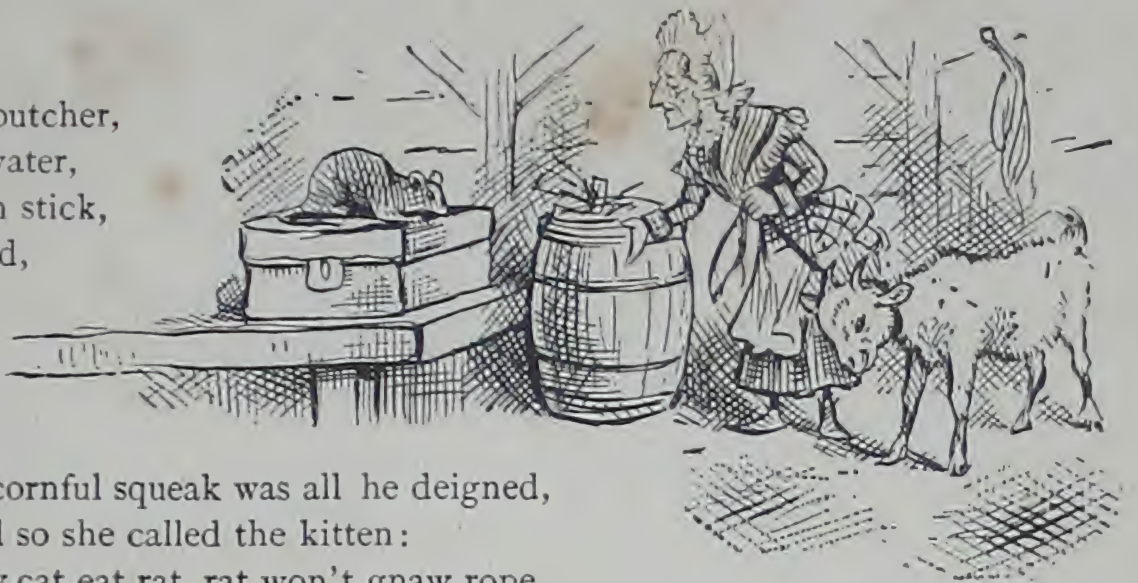
But the butcher only laughed at her,  
And to the rope she hurried :  
"Pray rope hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox,  
Ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire,  
Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,  
Dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go!  
And I see by the moonlight  
'Tis getting past midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
An hour and a half ago."





The rope swayed round for "Nay!"  
 So to the rat she beckoned:  
 "Pray rat gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher,  
 Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
 Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
 Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid,

Kid won't go!  
 And I see by the moonlight  
 'Tis long past midnight,  
 And time kid and I were home  
 A couple of hours ago!"



A scornful squeak was all he deigned,  
 And so she called the kitten:  
 Pray cat eat rat, rat won't gnaw rope,  
 Rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox,  
 Ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire,  
 Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog,  
 Dog won't bite kid,

Kid won't go!  
 And I see by the moonlight  
 'Tis long past midnight,  
 And time kid and I were home  
 Hours and hours ago!"

Now pussy loved a rat,  
 So she seized him in a minute:  
 And the cat began to eat the rat,  
 The rat began to gnaw the rope,  
 The rope began to hang the butcher,  
 The butcher began to kill the ox,  
 The ox began to drink the water,  
 The water began to quench the fire,  
 The fire began to burn the stick,  
 The stick began to beat the dog,  
 The dog began to bite the kid,

And the kid began to go!  
 And home through the moonlight,  
 Long after midnight,  
 The little dame and little kid  
 Went trudging—oh, so slow!







**L**ITTLE boys, sit still—  
Girls, too, if you will—  
And let me tell you of Jack and Jill;  
For I think another  
Such sister and brother  
Were never the children of one mother!

For an idle lad,  
As he was, Jack had  
No traits, after all, that were very bad,  
He was simply Jack,  
With the coat on his back  
Patched up in all colors from gray to black.

Both feet were bare;  
And I do declare  
That he never washed his face; and his hair  
Was the color of straw—  
You never saw  
Such a crop—as long as the moral law!

When he went to school,  
It was the rule  
To send him at once,  
So thick was his scone,  
That the block that was kept for the greatest dunce,  
To the block that was kept for the greatest dunce.

And Jill! no lass  
Scarce ever has  
Made bigger tracks on the country grass;  
For her only fun  
Was to romp and run,  
Bare-headed, bare-footed, in wind and sun.

Wherever went Jack,  
Close on his track,  
With hair unbraided and down her back,  
Loud-voiced and shrill,  
She followed until  
No one said "Jack" without saying "Jill."

But to succeed  
In teaching to read  
Such a harum-scarum, was work indeed!  
And I'm forced to tell  
That her way to spell  
Her name was with only a single "l."

*This is Jack,  
his picture.*

*Wherever went Jack Close on his track.*

*Jill her  
mark*





Yet they were content,  
One day they were sent  
To the hill for water, and they went.  
But Jack fell down,  
And broke his crown!  
And Jill, who must go  
And always do  
Exactly as Jack did, tumbled too!

Just think, if you will,  
How they rolled down hill—  
Straw-headed Jack and bare-footed Jill!  
But up Jack got,  
And home did trot,  
While his poor bruised knob  
Did burn and throb,  
Tear falling on tear, sob following sob.

He could run the faster,  
So a paper plaster  
Before Jill came;  
And the thoughtful dame  
Had bound up *her* head, and fixed the same.

But Jill came in,  
With a saucy grin  
And when she saw  
That bundle of straw  
Tied up in white,  
The comical sight  
The dame, perplexed  
And dreadfully vexed,  
Made her clap her hands and laugh outright!

How many blows fell  
I will not tell,  
Till the naughty back  
Was blue and black,  
And Jill needed a plaster as much as Jack!

The next time, though,  
Jack has to go  
That bothering Jill  
Will go up the hill,  
And if he falls again, why of course she will!

"Made her clap her hands and laugh."





ONCE on a time there was a fagot-maker,  
And he had seven sons.  
Who could be aught but poor to feed and shelter  
So many little ones?

For all were merely lads; not one was able  
To earn the crust of bread,  
Though scant it might be, coarse and black and humble,  
With which he must be fed.

So small he was when he was born, so tiny  
Since then he had become,  
That—for he was no bigger than your finger—  
They called him Hop-o'my-Thumb.

And, worst of all, the youngest one was puny,  
So odd, and still, and slight,  
That father, mother, and the other brothers,  
Thought him not over bright.

Now at this time, for days and days together,  
There fell no drop of rain;  
The corn shrunk on the stalks; and in the sunshine  
Rustled the shriveled grain;



As if a fire had swept across the meadows  
They shriveled in the drouth;  
And what this meant for the poor fagot-maker  
Was famine, without doubt.

One night he sat before a smouldering fire,  
His head bowed down with grief,  
Trying with those weak wits of his to compass  
Some scheme for their relief.

His wife above the feeble embers hovered,  
And wrung her toil-hard hands;  
She knew there was no help for their starvation,  
No hope in making plans.





At last he spoke: "Ah, bad luck to the trying,  
I cannot find them food!  
To-morrow morning with me to the forest  
I'll take the little brood!"

"I cannot bear to watch this piece-meal starving,  
So, while they run and play,  
Or gather fagots for me, or pick berries  
To eat, I'll come away!"

"Oh!" groaned the wife, "I'm sure the wolves will  
eat them,  
Poor dears—poor little dears!  
Yet do as you think best—we all must perish!"  
Then went to bed in tears.

Meanwhile, though all the rest were sleeping soundly,  
Hop-o'-my-Thumb had heard,  
And at the thought of wolves and woods, in terror  
His little heart was stirred;

And so he lay and planned; and early dressed him,  
And ran with all his might  
Down to the river, where he filled his pockets  
With pebbles small and white.

And, as they started for the wood, he lingered  
Somewhat behind, and when  
They came to dismal places, dropped in secret  
A pebble now and then.



Then all but Hop-o'-my-Thumb wailed out affrighted.  
"Don't cry so hard!" said he.  
"I'll find the path, if you'll but keep together  
And try to follow me!"

By the white stones strewn on the dead pine needles,  
Though night had fallen, he soon  
Led the way out, and spied their humble cottage,  
Low lying 'neath the moon.



Thick grew the trees; 'twas twilight in their shadows,  
Although broad day without;  
But gay the laddies at the fagot-picking  
Went scampering about,

And chattering like a flock of busy sparrows;  
Till, having hungry grown,  
They turned to ask their mother for their dinner,  
And found they were alone.





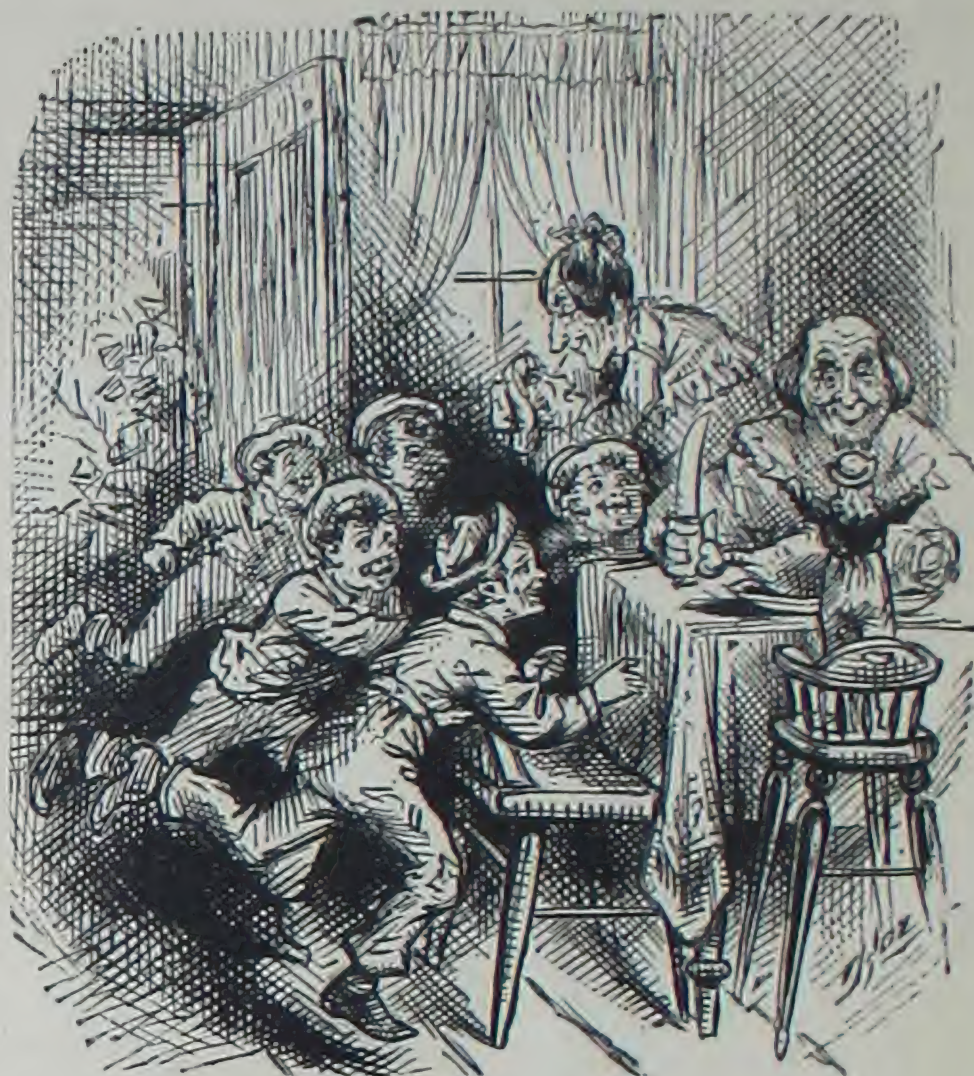
They hurried near, and, pausing at the window,  
Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed up,  
And peeped within; his father and his mother  
Were just about to sup.

Someone had paid them two gold guineas  
On an old debt; and when  
They went for beef for two, they were so hungry  
They bought enough for ten.

Quick as a flash the ravenous seven went rushing  
Pell-mell into the house,  
Nor left, of the fine roast upon the table,  
Enough to feed a mouse.

It all went well long as the money lasted.  
When that was gone, once more  
The father planned to take them to the forest,  
And leave them as before.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who heard again the plotting,  
Crept from his trundle-bed,  
But in the place of pebbles in his pockets  
Put only crumbs of bread.



Again they went, through brier and through thicket,  
Into the darksome wood;  
Again he dropped his clues along the pathway  
Behind him when he could.

But when once more they found themselves deserted,  
And little Hop-o'-my-Thumb  
Felt sure to lead them out, he found the finches  
Had eaten every crumb!

Then what to do! They wandered hither, thither,  
For hours in dread and fear,  
Until at last they saw, with fitful glimmer,  
A feeble light appear.

It shone but faintly, like a single candle,  
But, trudging towards the ray,  
They reached a house and knocked; the door  
was opened  
After a brief delay,

And a kind woman asked them what they wanted.  
They said: "To stay all night."  
"Run, run away! The faster you run the better!"  
She answered in affright.







"An Ogre lives here, cruel and bloody minded!  
He eats up little boys!  
Run, run! I hear him coming from the mountains,  
I know him by the noise!"

"But we can't run, we are so faint and tired!"  
Hop-o'-my-Thumb began—  
"'Tis all the same whether the wolves shall eat us,  
Or your good gentleman."

And so she took them in, fed them, and hid them  
All underneath her bed;  
And in a minute more they heard approaching,  
Tramp! tramp! an awful tread!

It was the Ogre coming home; his supper  
Was steaming nice and hot—  
Two calves upon a spit, ten rabbits roasting,  
A whole sheep in the pot.

He banged the door wide open, sniffed and snorted,  
Then, in a dreadful voice,  
Roared out, while his poor wife stood by and trembled,  
*"I smell seven little boys!"*

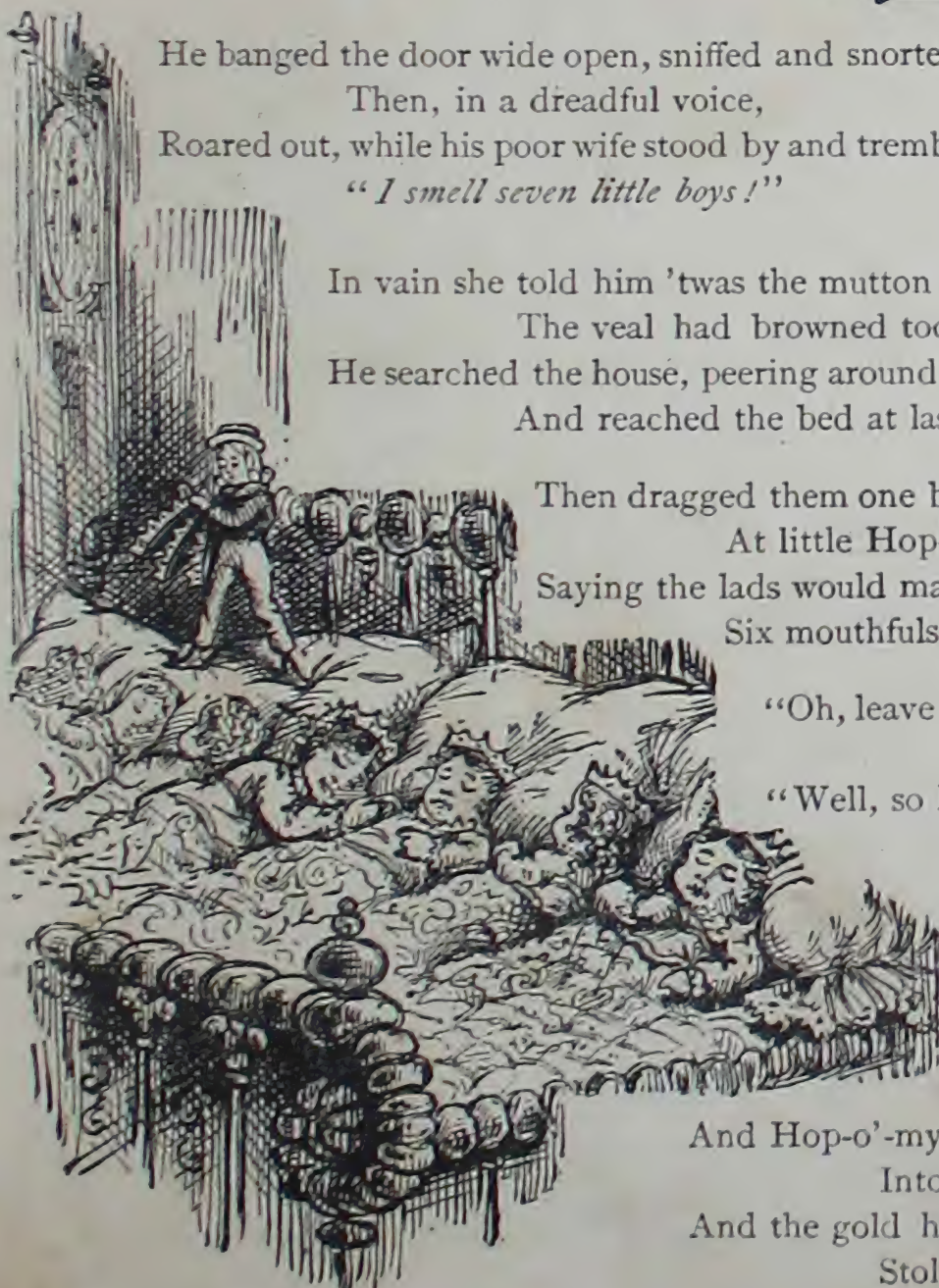
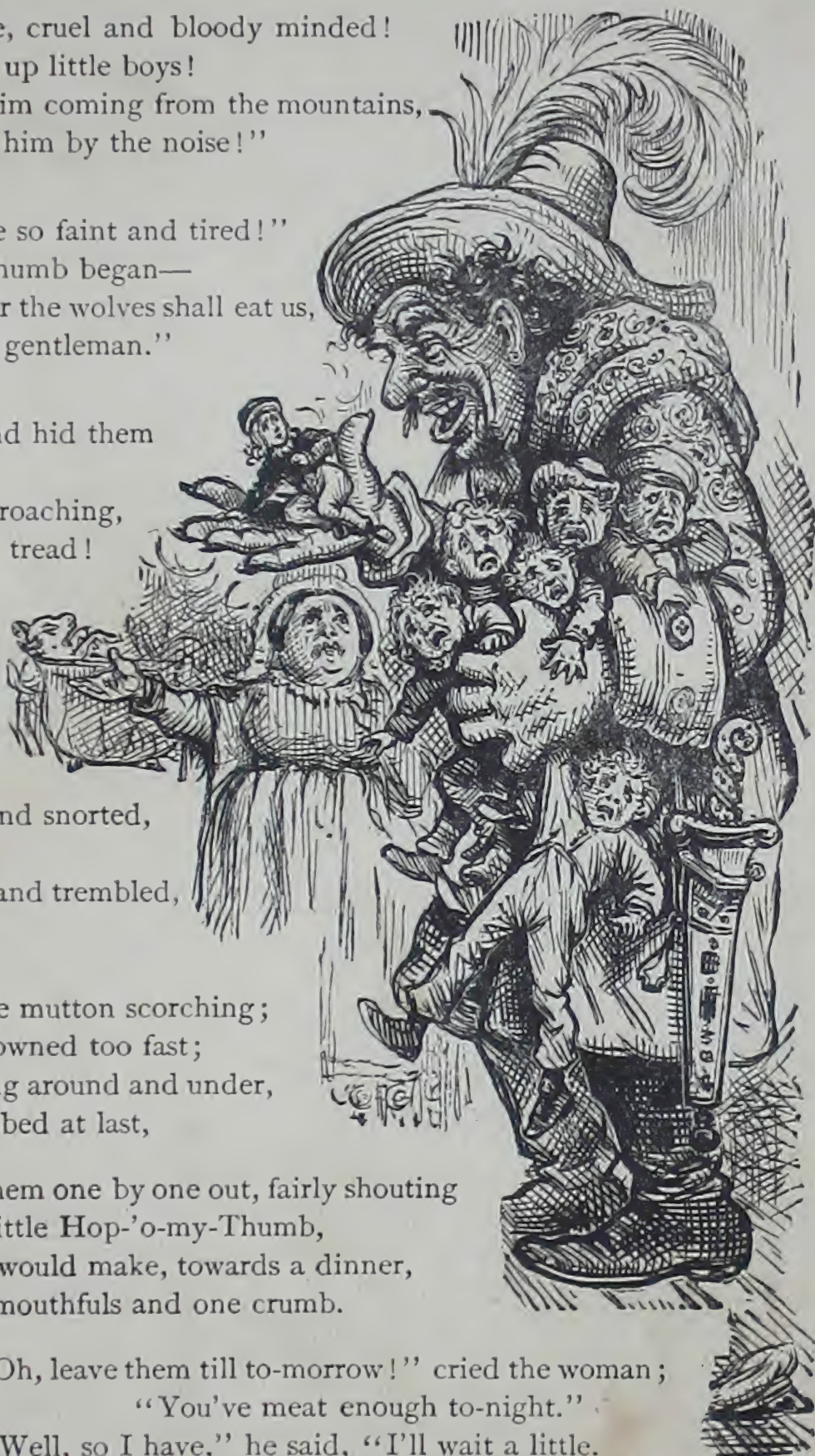
In vain she told him 'twas the mutton scorching;  
The veal had browned too fast;  
He searched the house, peering around and under,  
And reached the bed at last,

Then dragged them one by one out, fairly shouting  
At little Hop-o'-my-Thumb,  
Saying the lads would make, towards a dinner,  
Six mouthfuls and one crumb.

"Oh, leave them till to-morrow!" cried the woman;  
"You've meat enough to-night."  
"Well, so I have," he said, "I'll wait a little.  
Ah! ugh! they're plump and white."

Now it so chanced the Ogre had seven daughters,  
And all slept in one bed,  
In a large room, and each wore for a nightcap  
A gold crown on her head.

And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, when all the house was quiet,  
Into their chamber crept,  
And the gold head-bands for himself and brothers  
Stole from them while they slept.







Wicked and sly it was; he knew the Ogre  
Would, no doubt, rise at dawn,  
And, being but half awake, would kill the children  
Who had no night-caps on.

And, sure enough, he did! He was so drowsy,  
And fogs so veiled the sun,  
That, whetting up a huge, broad-bladed dagger,  
He slew them, every one.

Then Hop-o'-my-Thumb, awakening his brothers,  
Whispered, "Make haste and fly!"  
Without a word they did as they were bidden,  
In twinkling of an eye,

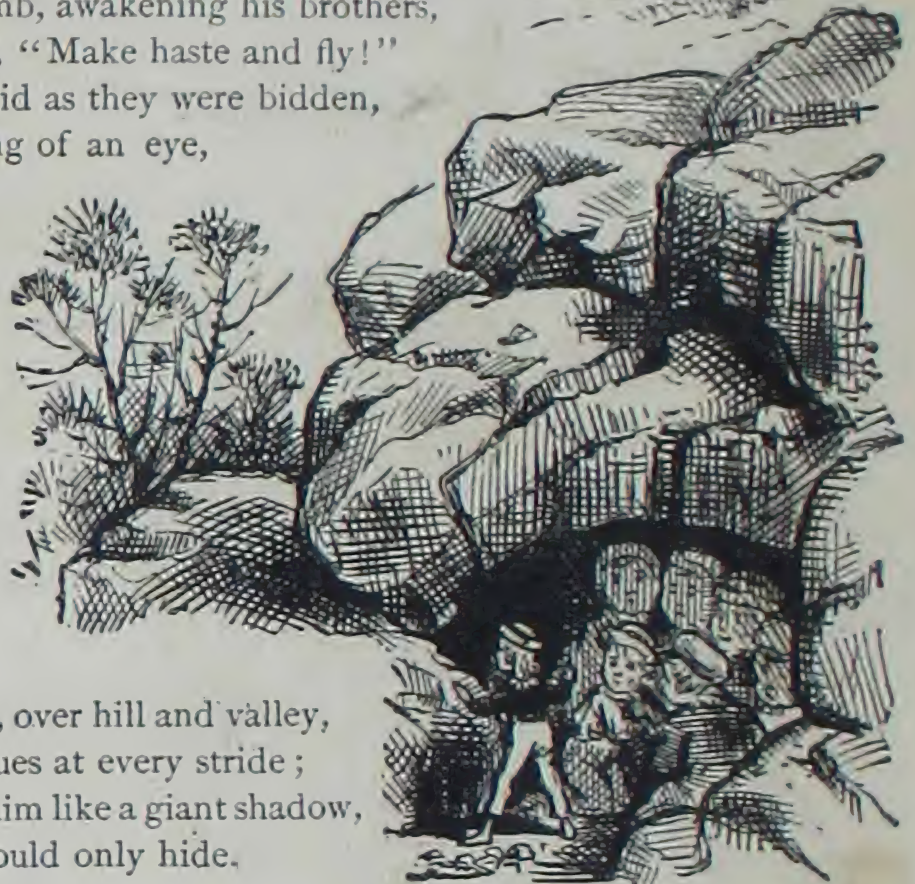


Out in the drizzly mist of a gray morning,  
Off through the chill and dew,  
And none too soon! Within an hour the Ogre  
His dreadful blunder knew.

"Wife, fetch my seven-league boots at once!" he  
shouted;

"I'll catch the vipers yet!"

He stamped his feet into the magic leather  
With many a muttered threat;



And off he started, over hill and valley,  
Seven leagues at every stride;  
The children saw him like a giant shadow,  
But they could only hide.



He scoured the country, rumbling like a tempest;  
Far, near, they heard his roar,  
Until at last his seven-league feet grew tired,  
And he could go no more.

And down he lay to rest him for a minute—  
The day had grown so hot—  
Close to a rock where lay the seven children,  
Although he knew it not.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb spoke softly to his brothers:  
"Run! fast as ever you can,  
And leave me to take care of Mr. Ogre."  
And hurry-scurry they ran.

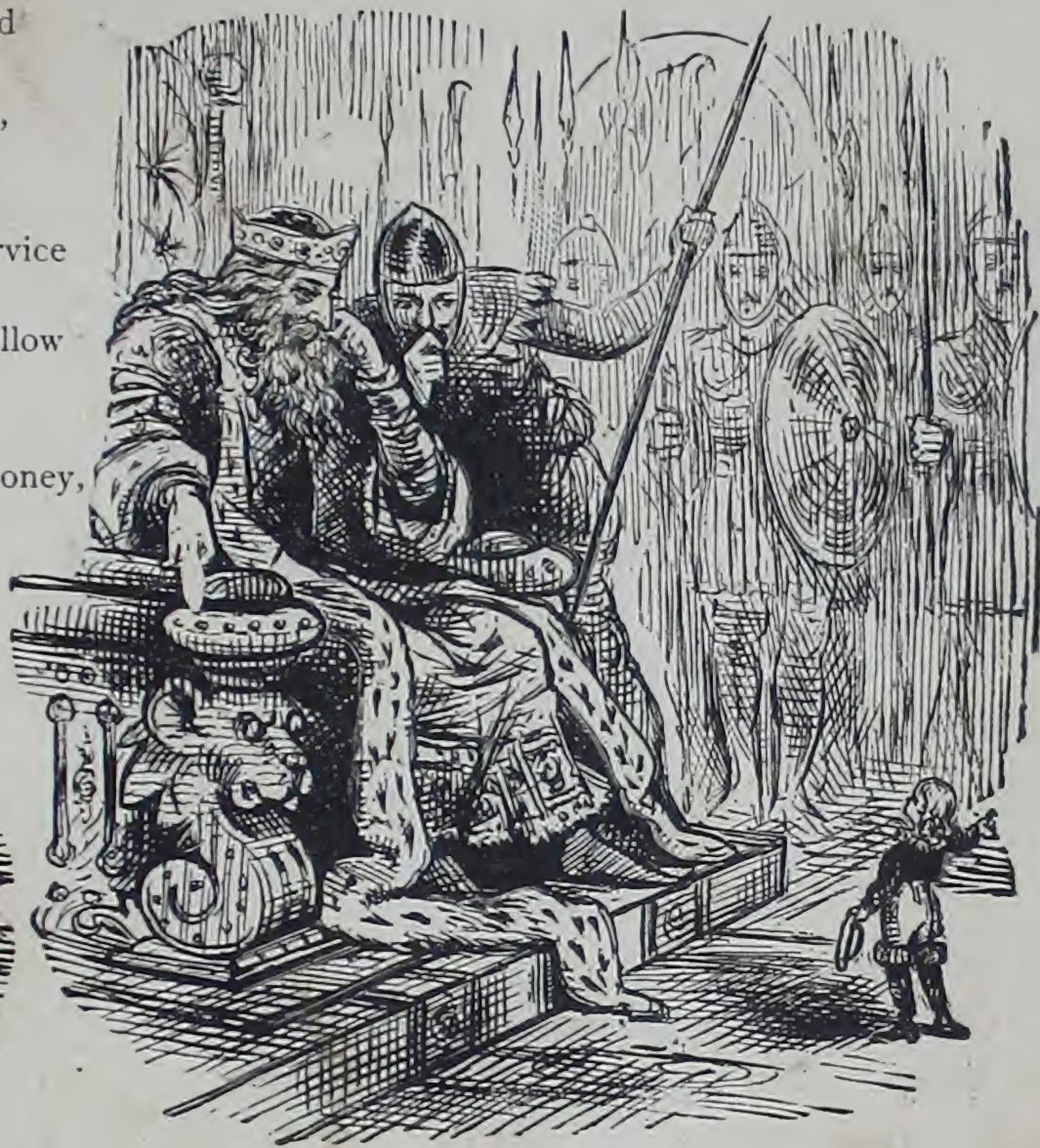
And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, creeping from out his crevice,  
With greatest caution drew  
The Ogre's boots off (these would shrink or widen  
Just as you wished them to),



And put them on himself. Then he decided  
To hasten to the king;  
And, as he traveled towards the royal palace,  
Each boot was like a wing.

There was a war. The king had need of service  
In carrying the news.  
He heard his tale, and said, "I'll use this fellow  
Who wears the magic shoes."

So little Hop-o'-my-Thumb made mints of money,  
And his whole family  
Lived very easy lives, and from his bounty  
Grew rich as rich could be.



As for the Ogre, in his sleep he tumbled  
Down from that ledge of rock,  
And was so bumped and bruised he never rallied,  
But perished from the shock.

And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, whose influence in high places  
Was certain to prevail,  
Made the kind Ogress, who had hidden and fed them,  
Duchess of Draggletail.







## THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF.

A SHEPHERD BOY, who watched a flock of sheep near a village, brought out the villagers three or four times by crying out "Wolf! Wolf!" and when his neighbors came to help him, laughed at them for their pains. The Wolf, however, did truly come at last. The Shepherd boy, now really alarmed, shouted in an agony of terror: "Pray, do come and help me; the Wolf is killing the sheep;" but no one paid any heed to his cries, nor rendered any assistance. The Wolf, having no cause of fear, took it easily, and lacerated or destroyed the whole flock.

There is no believing a liar, even when he speaks the truth.





# The Shepherd Boy AND THE WOLF

REVERSED  
FROM AESOP'S  
FABLES  
BY  
MRS. CLARA DOLY BALES.

AN idle Lad, a loitering Lad,  
Was the only son the shepherd had.  
He knew the clearest sunny corner  
Of every village street,  
He liked as well as any other  
The curbstone for a seat,  
And he stood as if an iron anchor  
Were fastened to his feet.



The father said, and shook his head,  
"Ah me, he'll never earn his bread,  
Nor even the salt to salt his porridge,  
Though bread and salt were cheap!  
And how can I plan it any better  
Than to have him mind the sheep?"  
The meadows were sparce, the pasture stony,  
The hillside bleak and steep.

So day by day, half sour, half gay,  
He loafed the summer hours away;  
He watched the white flocks cropping, cropping,  
Or huddled in the shade,  
And heard, for voices, the drowsy jangle  
The one small sheep-bell made,  
With now and then the piteous bleating  
Of a lamb from its mother strayed.





Nothing to do the whole day through!  
 No one to talk with that he knew!  
 What wonder his mind was a field for folly?  
 And that, like a wicked seed,  
 It sprouted there, to grow and blossom  
 Into a naughty deed?  
 "Satan will find some mischief ever  
 For idle hands," we read.



Down the hillside, as if terrified,  
 One day he ran, and running cried:  
 "Wolf! Wolf!" The simple folk of the village  
 Came out with great concern,  
 Left bench and desk and shop and counter  
 The dreaded news to learn;  
 Left needle and awl and nail and hammer;  
 Left cradle, oven and churn.

From every door peered one or more,  
 Till the roused ones numbered twice a score;  
 "A Wolf?" they queried; and, armed with a shovel,  
 With sickle or hoe or spade,  
 With broomstick, poker, tongs or ladle,  
 With cleaver or saw or blade,  
 They swarmed along to the threatened pasture,  
 And a fine display they made.

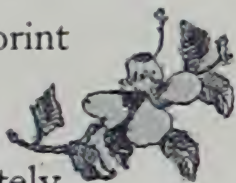


They crowded, they ran; the miller-man  
 Was white with flour and dusty with bran;  
 The tailor had on his big brass thimble,  
 But the chopper had no ax;  
 The women left their humdrum treadles  
 Where they were spinning flax,  
 And joined the march, though forced to carry  
 Their babies on their backs.





They reached the rocks ; there were the flocks  
Grazing, with burrs in their woolly locks.  
But where was the Wolf so fierce and hairy,  
The Wolf so gaunt and spare,  
With white fangs glistening, and red tongue lolling,  
Ready his prey to tear ?  
Not even so much as a dew-wet footprint  
Was visible anywhere.



Then wondering greatly, back sedately  
They turned to the work they'd left so lately.  
While the Boy—the worthless little rascal—  
Thinking of what he'd done,  
And left once more to his own devices,  
Laughed aloud at the fun,  
Till from his eyes, like the drips of a shower  
From the eaves, the water run.

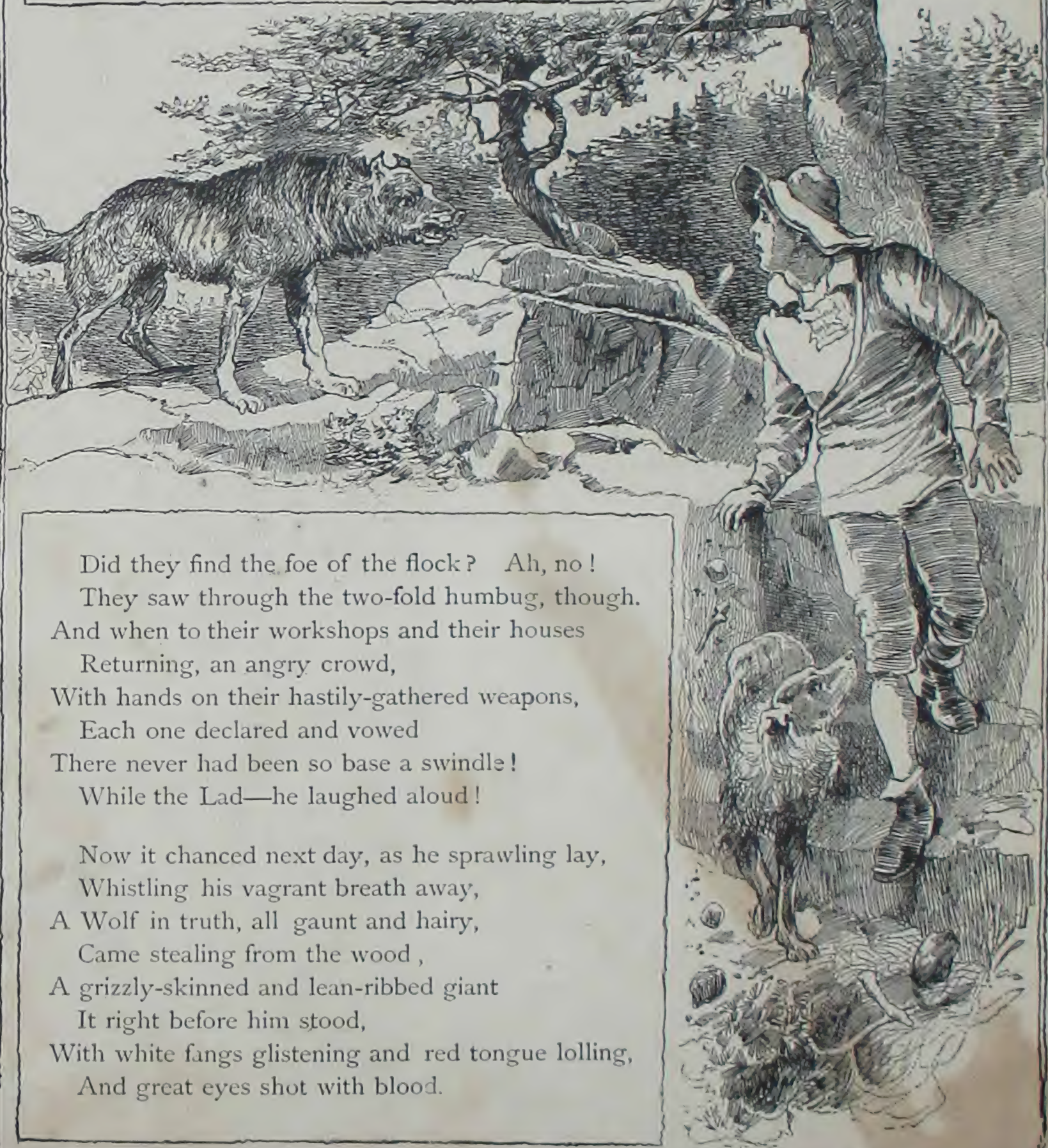


"What need to be so dull?" cried he,  
"When simply one little word from me  
Can bring abroad these silly people,  
And give them such a chase?  
For an hour, at least, my stupid pasture  
Was quite a lively place!"  
And again the merry wrinkles puckered  
The muscles of his face.

No hurt nor blame from this frolic came,  
But the lagging days droned on the same;  
Ever a gray blank or a blue one  
The sky was overhead;  
Ever the sheep kept cropping, cropping,  
And yet were never fed;  
Ever he longed for the village gossip,  
But silence had instead.



Therefore to repeat his wolf-cry cheat  
 He thought might serve as a jovial treat.  
 And again through the street he sped and shouted,  
 Just as he did before ;  
 And butcher and baker and candle-stick maker  
 Ran zealously out once more ;  
 It seemed that dozens of women and children  
 Issued from every door.

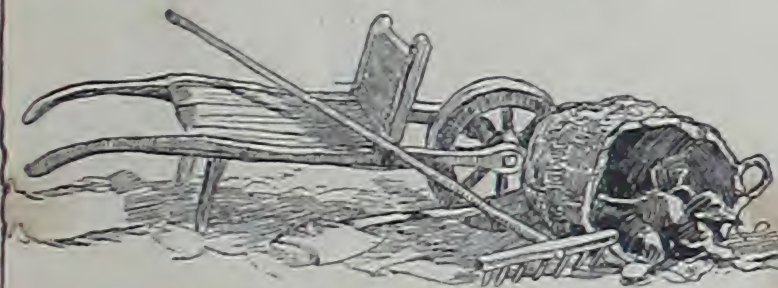
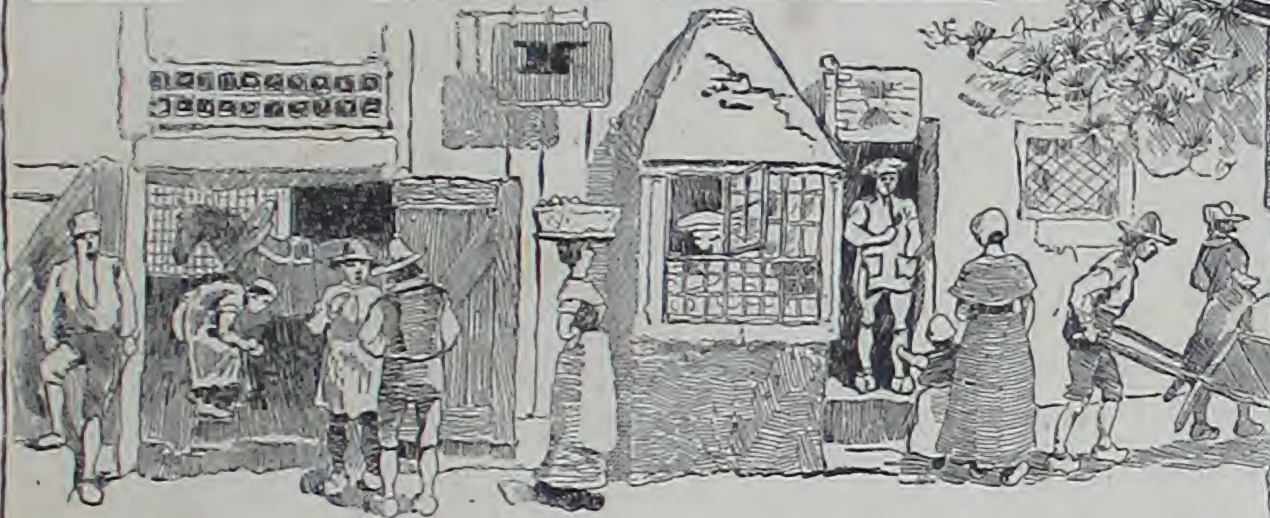


Did they find the foe of the flock? Ah, no !  
 They saw through the two-fold humbug, though.  
 And when to their workshops and their houses  
 Returning, an angry crowd,  
 With hands on their hastily-gathered weapons,  
 Each one declared and vowed  
 There never had been so base a swindle !  
 While the Lad—he laughed aloud !

Now it chanced next day, as he sprawling lay,  
 Whistling his vagrant breath away,  
 A Wolf in truth, all gaunt and hairy,  
 Came stealing from the wood ,  
 A grizzly-skinned and lean-ribbed giant  
 It right before him stood,  
 With white fangs glistening and red tongue lolling,  
 And great eyes shot with blood.



Pell-mell he fled ; whether heels or head  
 Were uppermost could scarce be said.  
 "Help, help! Wolf! Wolf!" he cried, till Echo  
 "Help, help! Wolf! Wolf!" replied.  
 Over stock and stone he leaped, believing  
 The lank beast at his side ;  
 The strength of his lungs increasing, trebled,  
 "Help, help! Wolf! Wolf!" he cried.



Did the butcher, baker, and candle-stick maker,  
 The weaver, brewer and undertaker,  
 And every little old man and woman  
 Rush out this time to see?  
 Ah, no ; the blacksmith swung his hammer ;  
 The woodman chopped his tree ;  
 The grand-dame whirled her steel-bright spindle  
 As placid as could be ;

The baker baked ; the gardener raked ;  
 The mower mowed till his shoulders ached ;  
 The pretty schoolmistress ranged her classes  
 Ready to read and spell ;  
 A girl peered over the windlass handle  
 To see herself in the well ;  
 The carpenter planed ; the tinker tinkered ;  
 The merchant tried to sell !





Not the glance of an eye, nor word of reply,  
 Was given the crier or the cry.  
 "He's a mischief-maker, a good-for-nothing,"  
 They silently agreed,  
 "And that he is allowed to make such a clamor  
 Is a burning shame, indeed."  
 The wilder his terror, the more he shouted,  
 The less they seemed to heed.

Too sad to tell, too cruel to tell,  
 Is the fate that those poor sheep befell.  
 Left thus by a false and foolish Shepherd  
 To meet a foe so grim,  
 He hunted them, scattered them, overtook them  
 And rent them limb from limb!  
 For a pack of his lean-ribbed, grizzly brothers  
 Gave savage aid to him.

So the lazy Lad, the loitering Lad,  
 The only son the shepherd had,  
 Became a by-word in the village  
 Of folly and distrust.  
 Flocks lost, he could not earn his living;  
 He was fed on the merest crust.  
 "He cheated; he idled; we couldn't believe him,"  
 His neighbors said: "'tis just!"





# THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

A H, very, very poor was she—  
Old Dame Pig, with her children three!  
Robust, beautiful little ones  
Were those three sons,  
Each wearing always, without fail,  
A little fanciful knot in his tail.

But never enough of sour or sweet  
Had they to eat;  
And so, one day, with a piteous squeak,  
Did the mother speak:  
“My sons, your fortune you must seek!”  
And out in the world, as they were sent  
The three pigs went.



But the pig replied,  
“No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!”  
The old wolf grumbled, and added beside,  
“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”

He was gray and big,  
And he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in,  
And he ate up the poor little pig.



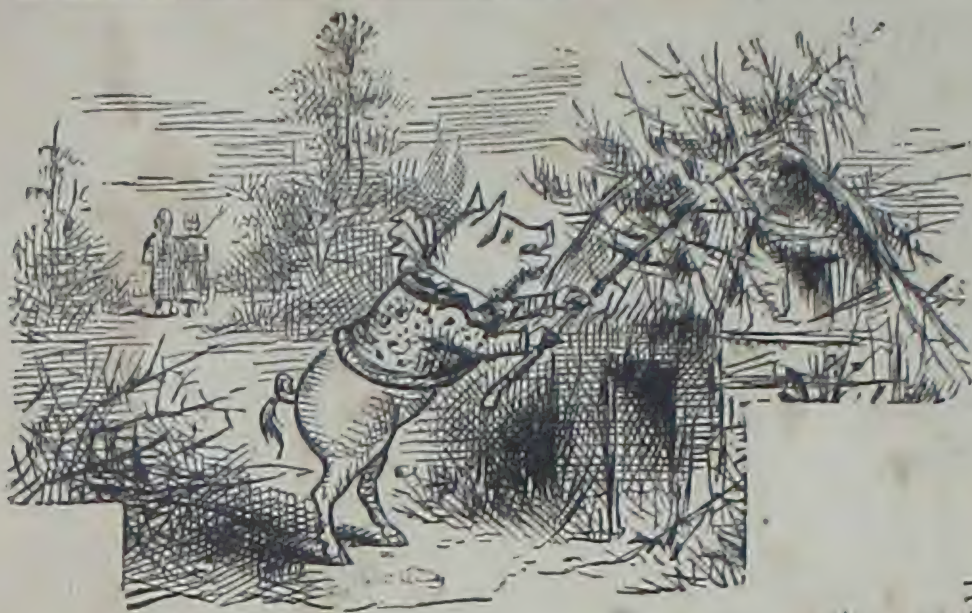
Trotting along, the first one saw  
A man who carried a bundle of straw.  
“Give me some straw for a house and bed,”  
The little pig said.  
Straightway, not even waiting a bit,  
The kind man did as he was bid;  
And the little pig built a house of it.

But he was no more than settled, before  
A wolf came along and knocked at the door,  
Tap-tap, and cried,  
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”





## THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



He was fierce and big,  
And he huffed and he puffed,  
And he puffed and he huffed,  
And he blew the house in,  
And he ate up the poor little pig.

The very next day,  
All blithe and gay,  
The second little pig went marching away  
To the world to find his fortune. And when  
He met two men,  
Who bore on their shoulders bunches of furze,  
"My gentle sirs,  
Give me some furze for a house and bed!"  
The little pig said.  
They gave it him freely, every whit,  
And the little pig built a house of it.



And then the third little pig went out,  
With his curly tail and his saucy snout,  
Up to all kinds of pranks and tricks;  
And he met a man with a load of bricks,  
And he said, "I suppose  
You are perfectly willing to give me those?"

By the begging he got them every one,  
And in a trice  
Was the house begun,  
And very shortly the house was done,  
Plastered and snug and nice.



But he could no more than get in before  
The wolf came along and knocked at the door:  
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"

But the pig replied,  
"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"  
Then the old wolf growled, and added beside,  
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"



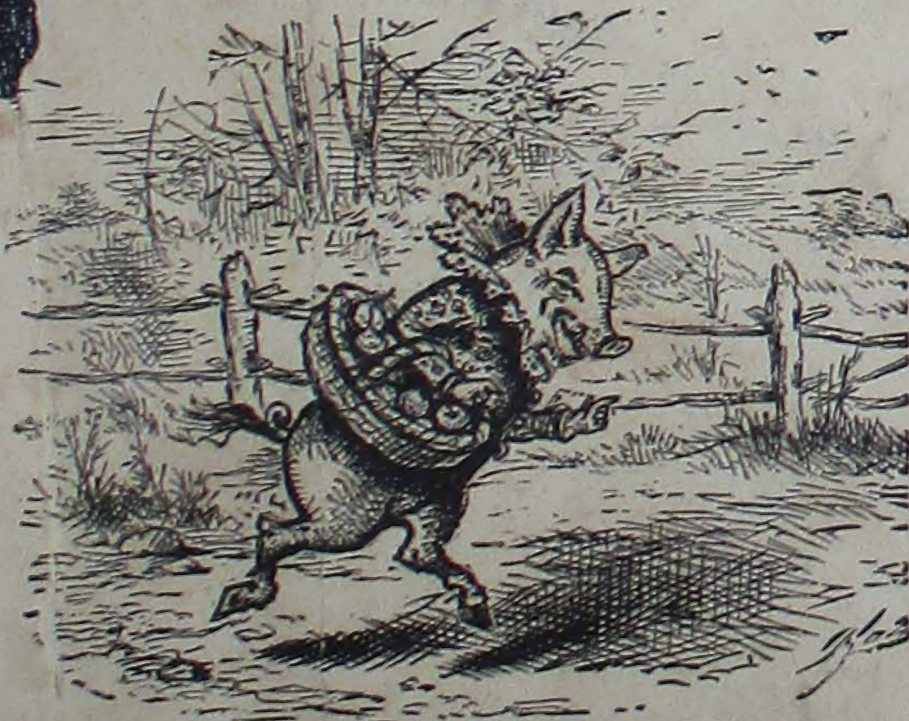


## THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



And along came the same wolf as before,  
And knocked at the door,  
Thump, thump, and cried,  
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in?”  
But the pig replied,  
“No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!”  
Then the wolf filled his cheeks out on each side,  
Like a bellows, to blow,  
And he howled, “Oh, ho!  
Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”

Well, he huffed and he puffed and he huffed,  
And he puffed and he huffed and he puffed,  
But with all his huffing,  
And all his puffing,  
The house would *not* fall in!



And so, despite  
His appetite,  
He was forced to go with never a bite,  
And for once, at least, was cheated out  
Of the little pig with the saucy snout.

Of the wily kind,  
Though, he was, and he whined,  
“I know, little pig, where we can find  
Some nice fresh turnips!” Pig grunted, “Where?”  
“Oh, over at Smith’s, in his home field—  
It’s not far there.  
If it’s pleasant weather  
Shall we go together  
To-morrow at six?” “Yes,” piggie squealed.



But what should the little pig contrive  
But to rise at five  
Next day, and to go through the early dew  
To the field where the turnips grew;  
They were plenty and sweet,  
And he ate of them all he cared to eat,  
And took enough for his dinner, and then  
Went home again.

The wolf came promptly at six o’clock,  
Gave a friendly knock,  
And asked the pig, “Are you ready to go?”  
“Why, I’d have you know  
I’ve already been there, and beside  
I’ve enough for dinner,” the pig replied.



## THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



Pig thought he should fall from where he sat,  
So heavy his heart went pit-a-pat.  
But he answered, "The nicest under the sun!  
I'll throw down one!"

The wolf ran after it as he threw it,  
And, before he knew it,  
The pig was out of the tree, and as fleet  
As his four little feet  
Could scamper he fled,  
On, into his house, while after him sped  
The wolf, with a savage voice and face,  
In a furious chase.  
He was long and slim,  
But the little pig proved too swift for him.

The wolf saw then  
He was cheated again;  
But, "I know where's a lovely apple tree,"  
In a winsome voice said he.  
And the wise little pig, from where he sat,  
Peered out and smiled, "Where's that?"  
"At the Merry Garden; if you'll be fair,  
And it's pleasant weather,  
We two together  
At five in the morning will go there."

Ah, sly and cunning  
The little pig was, for as early as four  
He was out next day, and running, running,  
Hoping to get the apples before  
The wolf was up. But the apple tree  
Proved twice as far as he thought 'twould be.

He climbed the boughs in the greatest haste,  
And thought to himself, "I'll only taste,  
As a bit of a lunch."  
But soon, crunch, crunch,  
He had eaten a score—then what should he see  
But the big gray wolf just under the tree!

Yes, there he stood,  
Trying to look as meek as he could,  
And he said, "Little pig, are the apples good?"









